

CONFESSIONS OF A SHOPAHOLIC

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BLACKSCREEN

REBECCA (V.O.)

When I was a teenager there was
this magazine.

INT. TEENAGE REBECCA'S BEDROOM, THE NINETIES - DAY

A teenage magazine lands on a bed, followed by a TEENAGE
REBECCA.

REBECCA (V.O.)

'Seventeen' or something. Anyway it
had this page where they'd stop a
girl on the sidewalk and do like a
breakdown of all her clothes.

ECU: a photo of a GIRL, all her clothes with arrows and
labels, reading:

REBECCA (V.O.)

(puts on dramatic cool
voice)

"Kelly Brockstein, New York. Top, J
Crew. Skirt, Marc Jacobs. Shoes,
Sigerson".

(normal voice)

I always hoped it would happen to
me, but it never did. So I used to
do it to myself.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

NINETIES MUSIC! The TEENAGE REBECCA rounds a corner of a
suburban street, and STOPS DEAD, smiling.

TEENAGE REBECCA (V.O.)

"Becky Bloomwood, Hoboken. Which is
NEARLY New York. Top, Miu Miu.
Jeans, H&M. Socks, Marc Jacobs."

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - ANOTHER DAY

MUSIC. The TEENAGE REBECCA rounds a different corner and
stops dead, smiling.

TEENAGE REBECCA (V.O.)

"Becky Bloomwood. Dress: J Crew.
Leggings, DKNY. Boots, Banana
Republic.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - ANOTHER DAY

MUSIC. The TEENAGE REBECCA rounds a corner, and stops dead,
smiling.

TEENAGE REBECCA (V.O.)

'Becky Bloomwood. Sweater, Gap.
Accessories, Diane Von Furstenb-
URGH!

The MAN following WALKS INTO HER and both go FLYING out of
shot, him CURSING LIKE MAD.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Most girls stop doing this kind of
thing when they're teenagers.

(beat)

Tr-ragically not me.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY - PRESENT DAY

She made the Big Apple! A bright, attractive, white wine
spritzer of a girl, **REBECCA BLOOMWOOD** early twenties, turns
onto Madison, midstream of workbound NEW YORKERS. A girl in
her ABSOLUTE natural habitat!

REBECCA (V.O.)

"Rebecca Bloomwood. Twenty five.
Magazine journalist, New York! Top,
Missoni Sale. Jacket, Zara. Pants,
Coach.

She stops DEAD as if STUNNED BY LOVE.

REBECCA (V.O.)

But I mean it's not like I haven't
MATURED in this time, like I
haven't widened my HORIZONS. I mean
moving to the city I met guys, and
that kind of put things in
perspective!

It seems REBECCA has seen a cute guy in the street!

REBECCA (V.O.)

'Cause you know that thing when you
see someone cute, and he smiles,
and your heart kind of goes like
warm butter sliding down hot toast?

No, she hasn't. REBECCA is looking at a BRIGHTLY-LIT store.

REBECCA

Well that's what it's like when I
see a store. Only it's better.

REBECCA is pulled towards it as though HYPNOTISED. The window
light BURNS ON HER FACE.

REBECCA (V.O.)

See, a man will never love you like
a store does. A man will never
treat you as well as a store.

INT. MADISON AVENUE STORE - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA is drawn in, as into a DREAM.

REBECCA (V.O.)

The baptism of pumped air in the
doorway. That intoxicating perfume
of new-ness.

Round various departments, increasingly intoxicated...

REBECCA

The brush of skin against neat,
crisply-folded piles. The cool kiss
of accessories, all virgins touched
for the very first time. Uncreased
Egyptian cotton on a mannequin.

(getting more woozy)

The noise, known nowhere else in
nature, that a tissue-lined
cardboard bag makes as a shop
assistant opens it ready to
accommodate a purchase...

She hands over a bag to the by-now opiate REBECCA.

REBECCA (V.O.)

...and the jack-rabbit leap of your
heart as you realize -

INT. 'GARDENING TODAY' MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

All the FANTASY MUSIC stops dead. A CREDIT CARD BILL is whipped down to reveal REBECCA's HORROR STRICKEN FACE.

REBECCA
Jesus Christ I spent ninety
dollars.

On instinct she SLAMS THE BILL DOWN on her desk and looks around the DULL, SPIRITLESS OFFICE with previous 'GARDENING TODAY's framed on the wall. She breathes a few moments of composure, then surreptitiously SLI-I-IDES IT ONTO THE FLOOR whilst looking the other way.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Ohh it slid onto the floor. Sadly
it slid onto the floor so I didn't
see it which is unfortunate but of
course if I didn't SEE it, then I
can't -

JANINE
Dropped this.

JANINE, a dull product of life at a dull magazine, gives it her back.

REBECCA
(smiles, sweetly)
Did I? Oh thanks Janine.

REBECCA looks around the DULL OFFICE as though anyone else in this spiritless place might care.

REBECCA
OK. Calm. Calm.
(drags her finger down it)
Bloomingdale's. That'll be these
pants but I mean I HAD to get the
pants to match the sh - god the
shoes. Chanel sale. Sixty five
dollars. Aromatherapy candles. But
those are medicinal. Hold on!
(eyes brighten)
'Outdoor World'! I never go to
Outdoor World! When would I ever go
to Outdoor World! Someone stole my
credit card!
(fists the air like Tiger
Woods)
YES-S! Thank GOD!
(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)
Someone's stolen my credit card and
gone on an insane spending spree
round New York!

JANINE
(going back other way)
Farewell party for Kristen at five
o' clock. We're gonna present her
with that tent you bought.

REBECCA
(shoulders droop)
Dammit.

JANINE
I'm picking up the cake so are you
OK covering the 'Hose-Fast' Press
Conference?

REBECCA
(panicked)
Me? Er...actually it's - it's -
it's technically my lunch hour.

JANINE
Rebecca-a? ONE of us has to go!
'Hose Fast' are bringing out a
whole new system of GARDEN HOSES.
It's not like it's UNIMPORTANT.

REBECCA's face - to whom, sadly, it is.

INT. LADIES RESTROOMS, SUZE'S OFFICES - DAY

Outside a bathroom stall is SUZE, REBECCA's best friend.
Similar age, dull suit. Kind of girl you'd want as a best
friend. If Rebecca is a white wine spritzer, Suze is a good
solid bottle of Bud.

SUZE
(urgent whisper)
Why can't you get changed at your
OWN office?

REBECCA (O.C.)
What, and let everyone at
'Gardening Today' know I'm trying
to leave their glorious magazine?

REBECCA opens the door in a chic INTERVIEW SUIT, checking her
watch.

REBECCA

As it was I had one hour to get to this interview at *Elan* and back. I now have one hour to get to this interview AND attend a press conference on garden hoses.

INT. FOYER OF SUZE'S OFFICE - DAY

REBECCA strides out into a SMALL VESTIBULE AREA where a sign reads 'CORMAN-ZANDT COMMERCIAL FURNITURE'.

SUZE

It's kind of a leap, isn't it?
Applying for a Fashion Magazine
after three years writing for a
Gardening Maga-?

REBECCA

(takes face in her hands)
Suze, when we were at school did
you know you wanted to do the job
you currently do?

SUZE

What, be receptionist for a firm
that supplies undersized furniture
for hotel bedrooms? No of course I
didn't. I never even knew hotels
PULLED that trick. I just thought
every time I stayed in one my ass
got bigger.

REBECCA

(dramatically)
Suze, I knew, ok?
(points to her head)
Since fourteen in Hoboken I knew in
HERE I was put on this Earth to
work for a magazine who paid me to
go shopping.
(opens door)
'Gardening Today' was about gaining
experience. I only went Gardening
Today so I could go shopping
tomorrow.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

URGENT MUSIC: REBECCA hurries along, checking her watch.
SPEEDS UP...

REBECCA

Oh my god come on come on come...

...stops DEAD on seeing a GREEN SCARF on a mannequin. The store is post-modern-labelled 'DAVID DE LAINE'. The window has a banner reading 'SALE'. She SNAPS HERSELF OUT.

REBECCA

...ON. It may be the first sale they've ever had at David De Laine. That may be the most beautiful color green you have ever seen but keep FOCUSED!

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LATER

Rattle rattle rattle. REBECCA stares straight out.

REBECCA (V.O.)

'Who's that in the green scarf?'
"Oh that's Rebecca Bloomwood. Works for *Elan*. Yes, they call her the girl in the green scarf'.

INT. HOTEL, SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A podium reading "HOSE-FAST - WATER WHEREVER WHENEVER!" A HANDFUL OF JOURNALISTS are slumped in their chairs. REBECCA attempts her 'interested and alert journalist' face.

MISTER HOSE-FAST

Many existing garden hose systems rely entirely on push-pull operation.

REBECCA drifts into being HYPNOTISED.

MISTER HOSE-FAST

Today I am proud to announce Hose-Fast has pioneered what we're calling the 'Green Scarf System'. Let me ex-scarf. Scarf scarf began scarfing in Nineteen Scarfty-Scarf.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC: REBECCA races back the OTHER WAY, checking her watch. Going past the DAVID DE LAINE SALE WINDOW, she slows as if GRAVITATIONALLY AFFECTED...

REBECCA

(to herself)

Walk past. You have a credit card
bill of eight hundred dollars. Walk
p-GOOD. KEEP GOING. You do NOT need
a scarf. GOOD GIRL.

But the mannequin speaks.

GREEN SCARF MANNEQUIN

Then again who 'NEEDS' a scarf?

REBECCA slows.

GREEN SCARF MANNEQUIN

Wrap in some old jeans round your
neck. That'll keep you 'warm'.
That's what your mother would do.

REBECCA

You're right. She would.

GREEN SCARF MANNEQUIN

(leans on next mannequin)

The point about THIS scarf is it
would become part of a definition
of your - your *psyche*. Do you see
what / I - ?

REBECCA

No, I do, I see what you're saying.
Keep talking.

GREEN SCARF MANNEQUIN

It would become the frame around
the Van Gogh that is your spirit.
The essence by which Rebecca
Bloomwood is known. You would not
walk into that interview the
penniless, debt-ridden, common or
garden gardening journalist
'Rebecca Bloomwood'. You would walk
in 'The Girl In -'

INT. DAVID DE LAINE STORE, MADISON AVE - MOMENTS LATER

The last GREEN SCARF slammed down next to the cash register.

REBECCA

The green scarf. Please.

DE LAINE ASSISTANT

Good choice. Nineteen ninety nine.

REBECCA smiles, and hands over her credit card-OH NO, SHE DOESN'T.

REBECCA
Actually I'll pay cash.

She looks down at her purse and emits an INVOLUNTARY SQUEAK of HORROR. It's EMPTY of CASH! She looks at her WATCH! She's OUT OF TIME! ANOTHER INVOLUNTARY SQUEAK of HORROR.

EXT. GRAND ARMY CORNER, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC: A guy is selling GYROS. REBECCA BARGES IN ahead of a GUY of similar age to her. (This, we'll learn, is LUKE)

REBECCA
EXCUSE ME. EXCUSE - THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

WAITING GYRO CUSTOMER
Wow. Sure.

REBECCA
(to vendor)
Do you do cashback?

GYRO VENDOR
(frowns)
What?

REBECCA
(wielding a checkbook)
One gyro and twenty dollars cashback. I've an interview in four minutes and they don't normally hold sale items and it's a desperately important scarf.

WAITING GRYO CUSTOMER
Interesting. First time I've ever heard the words 'important' and 'scarf' together.

REBECCA
(over her shoulder)
It's for my Grandmother in the hospital.
(waving checkbook at the VENDOR)
Please. I'll buy all your gyros if you give me cashback.

WAITING GYRO CUSTOMER

Couldn't you just ask the hospital
to turn the heating up?

REBECCA

(rather chippily)

Look it's the same color green as
the dress she was wearing the day
she met my grandfather during the
war, OK?

GYRO VENDOR

You want *ninety seven* gyros?

REBECCA

(peers in)

You have meat for ninety seven?

SUDDENLY there's a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL in front of REBECCA.
She looks round. The MAN BEHIND HER is offering it.

REBECCA takes the bill. He takes his GYRO and goes. REBECCA
calls after him.

REBECCA

That means you end up paying twenty
dollars for a gyro.

WAITING GYRO CUSTOMER

(turns)

You want your scarf. I want my
Gyro. 'Worth' and 'cost' are very
different things.

He turns and is gone. REBECCA looks at her money.

EXT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES BUILDING

PAN down this HUGE BUILDING to...REBECCA on the opposite
sidewalk. She swishes a NEW GREEN SCARF around her neck like
a WW1 FIGHTER PILOT about to do battle!

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES FOYER

This place screams style and money. Largely because there's
VERY LITTLE in it. One exotic plant. One obscure impasto.

REBECCA (V.O.)

(as she walks:)

'Look! LOOK! Over there! Crossing
the foyer!

(MORE)

REBECCA (V.O.) (cont'd)
It's the Girl In The Green Scarf!
'The girl in the green scarf! I
hear she works for *Elan Magazine*'.

She arrives at an Italian granite CONCIERGE desk at which
sits ALLON, overweight and coolly pernickety-camp.

REBECCA
I've come for the interview at *Elan*
Magazine.

ALLON
Filled yesterday internally. Evie
Burdett-Coutts. They did post it on
the web.

REBECCA looks at him, HORRORSTICKEN!

ALLON
(taps into his mac)
Nice scarf.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC: REBECCA walks back into her office, deathly.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Rebecca Bloomwood. Age 25. Heart,
heavy. Job, crap. Debt, eight
hundred do-ON'T SAY THAT.

ANGLE: JANINE sits, holding her head in her hands.

REBECCA
(dully, heart heavy)
Come on then. Let's go give Mrs
'Great-Outdoors' her tent.

JANINE slumps forward onto her desk in FLOODS OF TEARS.

REBECCA
(stops dead, slightly
awkward)
Sorry Janine. I didn't realize the
two of you were that close.

JANINE
She's not 'retiring'!
(turns, eyes streaming)
She's deserting a sinking ship!
(holds up piece of paper)
The little RAT! She KNEW! She KNEW
and she DIDN'T TELL ANYONE!

She thrusts the PIECE OF PAPER at the STUNNED REBECCA, who
HOLDS IT UP TO READ IT.

INT. SUZE'S APARTMENT, CHEAPER NEIGHBORHOOD, NYC- EVENING

The letter is pulled down to reveal SUZE.

SUZE

Ok. Don't panic.

REVEAL: REBECCA prostrate theatrically on the SLIGHTLY-TOO-
SMALL sofa of Suze's heartfelt, rudimentary little apartment.
(SUZE'S armchair is also SLIGHTLY TOO SMALL.)

REBECCA

WAAAA-AAA

SUZE

You hated the magazine. So what
it's closing down?

REBECCA

It was my INCOME, Suze! I live
beyond my means as it is! What do I
do if I've got no 'means' to start
with?

(collapses again)

I'm without means. I'm meaningless.

SUZE

Becks...

REBECCA

(sits bolt upright)

I'll be on the streets. I'll be
like that mad woman on the corner
of fifty first and second who
dances the conga on her own.

SUZE

(grabs her)

Becca, you will NEVER be homeless
because Danny and I will always let
you sleep on our sofa.

REBECCA

(like a puppy)

It's slightly too small.

SUZE

The work discount was too good to
turn down.

EXT. SWAP MEET - DAY

A low-rent sale out of the backs of cars. A woman in her mid-fifties breathes it in with RAPTURE! This is AMY, Rebecca's mother.

AMY

There you go. Now doesn't that just cheer you up?!

REBECCA sits on the passenger seat looking DEATHLY GLUM

REBECCA

Mom. Going to Swap Meets only cheers up the kind of people who go to Swap Meets.

Her Dad, LOU, similarly affable, rubs his hands, walking to the fray.

LOU

Hey hey. You'll get another job, Beebee. Life is like a Swap Meet.

REBECCA

What? A depressing parade of crap?

LOU

(puts hand to her ear)
You never know when great riches are gonna turn up unexpectedly.

He produces a DIME FROM HER EAR, like he's been doing ever since she was a kid. It is received with ritual non-plussedness from REBECCA.

REBECCA

Yes I do. None. Ever.
(calls after him)
'Cost and worth are two different things'.

She sighs, and LOOKS AT THE DIME.

REBECCA

Now let's see. What can I get for a dime?
(feigns surprise)
Oo look. Everything.

REBECCA trudges round a corner to: a stall run by a shabbily-dressed man in his FORTIES. She nods a reluctant 'hi'.

REBECCA (V.O.)

'Swap Meet Vendor. Forty six.
Sweater: previous swap meet. Pants:
previous swap - '

SWAP MEET MAN

(leans in)
Between you and me, I wouldn't
bother with -
(behind-hand, gestures his
neighbor)
...HIS stall.
(leans in as if imparting
a great secret)
It's all a load of trash.

REBECCA

(deadpan)
They let someone in here with
trash? How the HELL did THAT
happen?

SWAP MEET MAN

I know. I mean look at that bowl.
How he's got the nerve to ask four
dollars for THAT?

ANGLE: the next vendor has a CRUDE WOODEN BOWL that looks
like it's been hacked out of a log.

REBECCA

(agrees, pulls a face)
Looks like some kid made it on
Summer Camp.

The BOWL SELLER next door notices the attention.

BOWL SELLER

Ah! The bowl? Now hold on, I did
know the wood. It was mentioned in
a magazine a couple months back!
(finds page of magazine)
Here! 'Campristino Hardwood'.

REBECCA seizes the ripped-out magazine page. Her attitude to
the bowl changes in a second.

REBECCA

Sorry? That style of bowl was in
'Elle Decor'?

INT. SUZE'S APARTMENT - LATER

The bowl is on SUZE's coffee table.

REBECCA

So you can see it's actually this rather beautiful kind of *faux naif* style, made to look like it's been carved by the children of Amazonian woodcutters.

SUZE stares at her like she's MAD.

SUZE

(snatches bowl away)
I thought you had no job.

REBECCA

(wrestles for it:)
It was in ELLE DECOR! When am I gonna find something in Elle Decor for *five dollars* - ?

REBECCA's mobile rings. Normally this is a nice thing. Not for REBECCA. They both freeze and read the caller ID.

SUZE

"Derek Smeath."

REBECCA

(flailing around)
Get the list! Get the list!

REBECCA whips a list from her HANDBAG and runs her finger down it.

REBECCA

Bloomingdales Platinum Card - in hospital with clinical depression.
Mastercard - detained in Finland on work. Amex - Gallstones. Victoria's Secrets store card - parents behaving erratically and have flown to Finland to help arrange healthcare...

SUZE

(points)
"Derek Smeath of Metropolitan Debt Collection"

REBECCA + SUZE

(looks at each other)

'Operation of a personal nature'.

SUZE answers.

SUZE

Hello? Oh hel-lo! No it's not, I'm so sorry, she's still recovering from...you know. Having both of her...you know.

(slight pause)

Oh I will, of course. Soon as they've both...you know.

She puts the phone down. The atmosphere in the room is like that AFTER A DEFUSED BOMB. SUZE's affable boyfriend DANNY looks up from cooking.

DANNY

(innocently)

Why do so many excuses involve Finland?

REBECCA

(panting)

No-one ever checks up on Finland.

SUZE

(panting)

Rebecca-a -

REBECCA

(hands up, panting)

I know, I know. That is the last time.

(gestures 'it's over')

Tomorrow is day one of 'New Rebecca'.

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES FOYER

MUSIC of DETERMINATION! ECU the 'Faux Naif' bowl being carried like a sacrificial bowl into a temple. She plonks it on the RECEPTION DESK of ALLON.

REBECCA

Rebecca Bloomwood. We had a chat yesterday.

ALLON

We did. 'Small chat', I'd say. 'Baby-chat'. 'Chat-ette'.

ALLON delights in unexpected stress on certain words.

REBECCA
(quite likes him)
Long enough for me to establish
that a man who notices a green
David De Laine scarf might
appreciate this.

She presents THE bowl. He looks at it.

ALLON
(quietly)
Elle Decor. March Issue.

REBECCA
(small smile of triumph).
Just in the hope that a girl who
notices a guy who notices a De
Laine scarf might get...
(shrugs)
...noticed.

She turns, and heads across the foyer. ALLON looks at the
bowl, lets her get almost to the doors....

ALLON
Scusi.

REBECCA pauses, turns. He beckons.

ALLON
(leans in slightly)
Rumours abound of a job at
'Successful Savings'.

REBECCA
(snorts)
'Successful - ?'

ALLON
(finger up, instantly)
Snort not, sweet child. Elan may be
your Emerald City but Successful
Savings may be your Yellow Brick
Road.

He walks his fingers up a series of BRASS NAME PLATES by the
ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATOR: up from SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS,
climbing past TROUT AND BASS, FUMADOR, CITY LOFT, YACHTING
AND BOATMEN....

ALLON

Dantay West is a family of magazines which ACTS like a family and is deeply nepotistic. My advice to you, dear Dorothy, would be thus.

(leans in:)

'Once you're in, you're in'.

...at the symbolic top of the pile is *Elan*. At that moment the ELEVATOR DOORS open. Out, with a flush of ANGELIC MUSIC, steps the couture vision that is EVIE BURDETT-COUTTS, same age as REBECCA, but different planet.

REBECCA

(visibly shrinks)

Is that how SHE got in?

ALLON

Miss Burdett-Coutts' father owns the English County where Mister West keeps polo horses.

(points, archly)

That's the OTHER way.

INT. SUZE'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

REBECCA turns like James Bond in a sleek suit.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Rebecca Bloomwood. Interview Candidate. Suit, Armani Sample Sale. Briefcase, Gucci. Shoes -

SUZE

(peers at her feet)

Mine?

REBECCA

(pats her on the shoulder)

No offence, but it's a savings magazine. I don't want to look TOO chic.

INT. STAIRCASE OF SUZE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SUZE

You're applying to work at a Savings Magazine?

REBECCA

No, I'm applying to work at *Elan*
VIA a savings magazine.

SUZE

(reads a piece of paper)
'*Fluent in Finnish*'?

REBECCA

(snatches it)
Resume please, WITHOUT snooping.

EXT. STEPS OF SUZE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SUZE follows her down.

SUZE

At least close your briefcase!

REBECCA

Can't. Gucci sale. Got it for
twenty dollars because they'd lost
the combination.

SUZE

(calls after her)
Rebecca you do not look like a
financial journalist!

REBECCA

(smiles, points, smugly)
A-ha.

INT. NEWSAGENTS - MOMENTS LATER

SUZE pays money for:

REBECCA

One Wall Street Journal please.

She takes it. Looks at the headline; "JFP TAKE 10% STAKE IN
QUARKWITZ'. She PULLS A FACE: 'what the hell?'

REBECCA

And a copy of *Elan*.

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Clock-ticking silence. Eight candidates in DULL SUITS sit
round on chairs, reading today's Wall Street Journal. REBECCA
looks round. She opens HER WSJ.

UNDER COVER OF THE OPENED PAPER: she gets out *Elan*, smiles at her ingenuity, and OPENS IT.

Half a ton of COMPLIMENTARY PRODUCTS CASCADE ONTO THE FLOOR.

ASSISTANT
Miss 'Bloomwood'?

REBECCA
(jumps up as they fall)
AHA-absolutely.

REBECCA beats a VERY HASTY EXIT as if that never happened.

WOMAN CANDIDATE
(looks, and turns to her neighbor)
Did YOUR Wall Street Journal come with complimentary moisturizer?

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA follows the assistant into an OFFICE.

REBECCA
Mister Brandon's just on the phone.
May I take your scarf?

REBECCA (V.O.)
(nods, as she unpeels it grandly)
Yes, indeed you MAY take my scarf.
My GREEN scarf. Which DEFINES my psyche. Me, Rebecca Bloomwood, the girl in the green SHITTY DEATH.

ANGLE: side on, is THE GUY WHO LENT HER TWENTY DOLLARS AT THE GYRO STAND.

When he turns to his next interviewee, SHE HAS DISAPPEARED!

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

ALLON is there holding many files as REBECCA leaps in.

ALLON
How did it go?

REBECCA
(mouth dry)
They said they'd let me know.

EVIE BURDETT-COUTTS (O.S.)

Buckle.

The WORLDS STOPS. Rebecca turns to see: OH MY GOD. In there with them is the vision that is EVIE. REBECCA looks to see what EVIE is looking at...her GUCCI briefcase with its flapping buckle. Instinctively awed, REBECCA CLICKS IT SHUT. EVIE turns a disinterested shoulder. For the one floor descent REBECCA, like a clumsy little schoolgirl, has her nose rubbed in EVIE's dress which reads 'DAVID DE LAINE' on the inner pocket label. REBECCA'S heart melts at its beauty.

At the bottom, EVIE gets out and walks across the foyer, watched intently by REBECCA.

REBECCA

(sv, lost in wonder)

It defines her psyche.

ELEVATOR ATTENDANT

(frowns)

What?

REBECCA

(pause, then:)

Where SHE works, please.

(turns to him)

Via floor one.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS - LATER

LUKE looks up. He kind of reflects his office. Well-meaning, not as well-organized as it could be. He's hassled and tired.

LUKE

OK. 'Rebecca'.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: REBECCA - she came back!

LUKE

You have a resume?

REBECCA confidently reaches down to DISCOVER with some HORROR that of course she CLICKED her BRIEFCASE SHUT in the elevator and of course DOESN'T KNOW THE CODE. She gives a REBECCA-SQUEAK, and fiddles desperately for a few attempts, before BOBBING UP, FEIGNING CONFIDENCE.

REBECCA

Actually I can just 'tell' you, pretty much.

(off LUKE'S frown:)

My name's Rebecca Bloomwood.

(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)

I've been a journalist for five years. I speak fluent Finnish, and I also -

LUKE

'Finnish'?

REBECCA

(keen to get off this)

Yes. And I / also -

LUKE

Why Finnish?

REBECCA

It's -

(waves it away)

Family thing. I also -

LUKE

Is it a Finnish name, 'Bloomwood'?

REBECCA

It...

(swallows again, nods:)

I think originally some of the 'o's had lines through them.

LUKE

(slight frown)

Have we met?

REBECCA

(slightly TOO loud)

NO.

ASSISTANT

(bobs round door)

Sorry, just - not to forget. Miss Bloomwood left her scarf.

The GREEN SCARF is delivered to REBECCA like a BLOOD-STAINED PIECE OF EVIDENCE. LUKE is RIGHT ON THE SITUATION. He looks killingly at REBECCA. She looks at him.

REBECCA

(her balloon deflating:)

OH GOD-D! The gyro! The man - ! You know I DID think you looked...

LUKE

Wrong shade of green, was it?

REBECCA

No. No no no she loved it. My
grandmother. But she...
(think of something-g...)
Died.

Pause.

LUKE

And left it to you with her dying
breath?

REBECCA, scarlet with embarrassment, STANDS, swishing the
scarf round her neck, theatrically.

REBECCA

Well I can see you're much more
interested in my Finnish ancestry
than you are in my financial acumen
so I would propose we curtail this
interview forthwith and I bid you
good day.

LUKE

(tidying papers)
I hope my twenty dollars brought
someone a moment of happiness.

REBECCA

Well it did.

LUKE

Good.

REBECCA

Thank you.

Slam.

INT. SUZE'S APARTMENT

REBECCA is theatrically prostrate on the sofa again, hanging
over it at both ends.

REBECCA

WAAAAA-AAAA.

SUZE

Look, Rebecca -

REBECCA

(sits up)
Oh he was so smug, Suze.
(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)

He was a like a monster of smugness. He was like a Smug...-asaurus.

SUZE

When Danny applied for AT&T he wrote a proposal, didn't you babe?
(her boyfriend, cooking, mouth-fulls a 'yes')
On spec. Just showing what he was made of. Why don't you go home right now, write a little fashion piece and just send it. To *Elan*.

REBECCA

(grabs her, grimly:)
I can't go back to my apartment, Suze. That's where my bills live.

SUZE

Becks...

REBECCA

(grabs her)
They wait behind the door and make plans against me.

SUZE

We'll sort your bills one by one, and then write a sample item.

REBECCA

Suze, you don't understand.
(pulls her in very close)
If I go home, *he'll* know.

INT/EXT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - EVENING

MUSIC like MISSION IMPOSSIBLE! REBECCA slams herself against a wall. Nods a signal to SUZE to 'GO! GO! GO!'

IN THE STAIRWELL: she sees MR MARTINEZ, a landlord who has spent his life as lord of a very small land.

SUZE

Mister Martinez-z! You haven't seen Rebecca Bloomwood have you?
Apartment 303?

MISTER MARTINEZ

'Seen her'? HA! The 'Mystery Miss Bloomwood'? No. I haven't 'seen her'.

(MORE)

MISTER MARTINEZ (cont'd)
 An' I tell ya, when I DO 'see her',
 she better have three months rent,
 THERE, in MY HAND...

As Mister MARTINEZ launches into a rant, we see behind him,
 REBECCA CREEP ON HER KNEES across the CORRIDOR, holding her
 shoes.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

MUSIC: The door opens to REVEAL: a TINY SHRINE to small scale
 consumerism. There are THINGS. Everywhere. Bowls. Vases.
 Lights. Extra clothing racks GROANING with clothes. REBECCA
 is led, EYES CLOSED, by SUZE OVER the PILE OF BILLS pushed by
 the door.

SUZE
 Don't look down. DON'T LOOK DOWN.

MOMENTS LATER: ECU a BOTTLE OF TEQUILA is opened. A LARGE
 MARGARITA is poured.

SUZE
 Ok. You take a shot, I open the
 first bill.

It's like a VICTORIAN AMPUTATION SCENE! REBECCA nods, takes a
 HUGE GULP OF MARGARITA, the ENVELOPE CONTENTS are RIPPED OUT
 and they RECOIL as if a SAW had been plunged into their legs!

SUZE AND REBECCA
 WOWCH!

TIME JUMP: another SHOT OF MARGARITA, another R-RIP of A BILL
 BEING PULLED OUT:

SUZE AND REBECCA
 HOO-EE!

SUZE
 Seventy dollars on 'neck firming
 serum'?

REBECCA
 (half-cut, holding the
 table)
 They were giving free Clarins lip
 gloss with every sixty dollar
 purchase. I was getting something
 for nothing!

TIME JUMP: another SHOT OF MARGARITA, another R-RIP of BILL
 BEING PULLED OUT:

SUZE

For the love of GOD. Two hundred
dollars on Marc Jacobs underwear?

Just a HAND HOLDING a MARGARITA appears.

REBECCA

He's American!
(OOV, under the table)
George Bush said it's our patriotic
duty to shop in America.

SUZE

(leans over)
Shop 'IN' America, Becks. Not 'FOR'
America.

JUMP TO LATER: SUZE drops a piece of paper, exhausted

SUZE

OK. We've opened all the bills.

REVEAL: REBECCA is in a KIMONO singing into a BROOM HANDLE.

REBECCA

Don't it make my brown eyes blue...

SUZE

And consequently she's plastered.
(calls)
Perhaps we should've done the bills
AFTER writing the sample.

REBECCA

(lurching down)
No. S'good. S' do it. Less' DO IT!
(bounces down onto the
sofa, soused)
What mm I gon' write about?

SUZE

Well let's think carefully/ what-

REBECCA

Those.

She points at her and SUZE's FEET.

REBECCA

The difference in style between
your shoes and mine.
(hugs her)
No offence. I luv you.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

MUSIC: REBECCA writing FURIOUSLY with PISSED VIGOUR.

REBECCA
(slurring words like mad)
This iz good. This really iz VERY
good.

SUZE
(tries to snatch it)
Gonna miss the mail! Come ON!

REBECCA
(grabs the pen and paper)
NO NO NO WAIT! Doing another one.

SUZE
(sv, getting it)
What 'other one'?

REBECCA
Twenty dollerz. Get twenty dollerz!
(grabs a NEW piece of
paper and scribbles:)
'Dear Zirr. You can z-ztick your
crappy job up your ass. Here's your
twenty dollurz back. Go an buy
yourself zum decent clothes'.
Signed Rebecca-a Bloomwood.

REBECCA stands up triumphant as SUZE whips it away!

REBECCA
That'll show Mizter Smugg-o! Killed
with my r-rapier wit.
(points)
Away, Trigger! Away to my golden
and glorious future!

SUZE races out of the room with the LETTERS. REBECCA falls
backwards over the sofa and disappears. MUSIC ENDS.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

BRRRINGGG RINGGG. REBECCA's eyes flicker, head on a cushion
on the floor. She can't get up. Ouch. She can hear the
mumblings in the hall. SUDDENLY SUZE, in a dressing gown,
races in!

SUZE
Get UP! GET UP! DANTAY WEST!

REBECCA lurches up, sending a bottle of TEQUILA flying. In her underwear she races down the hall.

REBECCA
Oh my god oh my god oh my
(poshest voice)
Hello. Rebecca Bloomwood.

CROSS CUT WITH:

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

Her interlocutor turns. It's LUKE BRANDON!

LUKE
Rebecca? Luke Brandon. 'Successful Savings'.

REBECCA'S EYES WIDEN. She mouths 'MISTER SMUG' to SUZE, doing an accompanying rather childish 'smug face' mime.

LUKE
Sorry to call early only I'm IN early and I just got your letter.

REBECCA
Yes. Well.
(fluffs her feathers)
I hope I made my point.

LUKE
No, you did.
(leafing through it)
You did very well, actually. The whole metaphor. Very clever.

REBECCA
Yes. WASN'T it. The WHOLE metaphor was very - what, sorry?

LUKE
Describing the principles of security investment in terms of the way different women purchase different types of shoes.

HORROR MUSIC a la HALLOWEEN starts. REBECCA'S EYES pale.

LUKE
I'll be honest. At the interview I thought you were flakey. But having the application to turn this around in one night...
(...is impressive)
(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)
 Anyway, it's given me an idea for a
 column. D'you want to come in?

REBECCA drops the phone completely TO THE FLOOR!

LUKE
 (from phone on floor)
 Hello?

SUZE
 What's happened?

REBECCA looks at SUZE with the GREATEST HORROR.

REBECCA
 I think I sent the editor of *Elan*
 twenty dollars to stick her job up
 her ass and buy herself some decent
 clothes.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

MUSIC. Ordinary street for a few beats. Then:

REBECCA
 No-o-o-o-o-o-o.....

REBECCA, dressed in eight seconds, RACES round the corner and
 up the avenue of style looking like a mad tramp. She sends
 the GYRO VENDOR flying, leaps across roadworks...

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES FOYER

...skids right over in the foyer, vaults ALLON's turnstile -

ALLON
 (not even looking up)
 Oh Dorothy, Dorothy.

...finally SLAMMING into the elevator like an ACTION COP.
 Hammers the buttons. The journey is AGONISINGLY SLOW...

REBECCA
 Come on, come ON-N!

PING! The doors open at the top floor revealing some young
 ACOLYTE from the mailroom about to DELIVER LETTERS to the
 RECEPTIONIST. Like a DIVING BASEBALL PLAYER, REBECCA lurches
 across the FOYER and SNATCHES a LETTER from him.

KER-DUMPH! She rolls with it across the floor.

SECRETARY
 What the hell - ?

ANGLE: she peers over into REBECCA's upwards-POV.

REBECCA

I sent it. I sent it, it's from me.
This isn't where it was meant to
be.

SECRETARY

(frowns, to confirm:)
This is 'Elan Magazine'.

On those hallowed words, ANGELIC MUSIC! REBECCA looks round.
She could have taken a blow to the head, but this place feels
like HEAVEN. Everything is chic. Beautiful. There are
clothes! Things! Wonderful, wonderful THINGS! Beautiful
people! EVIE walks past...A SMILE OF WONDER forms on
REBECCA'S face.

REBECCA

(almost whispers)
But it's where I was meant to be.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

A dull door is opened by LUKE'S ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT

Mister Brandon?

REBECCA enters the messy pit that is LUKE's office, and FOLDS
THE ENVELOPE OF DOOM INTO HER POCKET.

REBECCA

Right.
(makes perfunctory attempt
to straighten hair)
You have a job, you say?

INT. BORDERS BOOKSHOP - DAY

SUZE looks HORRIFIED.

SUZE

You got a job at a *Finance*
Magazine?

REBECCA

(rifling the bookshelf:)
Oh CHILL, per-lease. This is
'Successful Savings' here. It's not
like I'm writing a column anyone
will actually READ.

SUZE

OK please let me have misheard the fact that Rebecca Bloomwood is writing a financial advice *COLUMN*?

REBECCA

This week: 'the effect of non-deductible IRA's on store card APRs'.

SUZE

You have NO idea what ANY of those words mean.

REBECCA

I will in a minute.

AT THE CHECKOUT: we see REBECCA is buying 'MONEY FOR DUMMIES'.

REBECCA

You know I kinda thought you'd be happy here! It's less money than I was on at 'International Slug Monthly' but at least I've got some 'means'.

BORDERS ASSISTANT

(leans in confidentially)
I'm afraid your credit limit on this card has been reached.

ANGLE: REBECCA - ah.

BACK AT THE SHELVES: REBECCA is frantically copying out of the book as if it were a LIBRARY!

REBECCA

PLUS it means I'm IN at Dantay West!

(gestures SUZE to:)

Keep lookout, keep lookout.

(copies:)

At least I'm trying. Give a girl a break.

SUZE

Yeah well.

(peering round corner)

Suppose if you can get to Elan BEFORE anyone realizes you're just copying chunks out of 'Money For Dummies'...

(checks a smile)

(MORE)

SUZE (cont'd)
S'pose it WOULD be great if my
bridesmaid could afford her own
dress.

REBECCA
Abso-LUTE-ly it would.

REBECCA slowly looks up, EYES WIDE, as she realizes WHAT THAT
JUST MEANT! They look at each other... then SHRIEK and HUG!

INT. BORDERS BOOKSHOP STARBUCKS CONCESSION - DAY

An EBULLIENT REBECCA orders.

REBECCA
Two Marriage-Celebration
frappuccinos please, on -!
(fights SUZE away)
-no. On me, ON ME!
(confidentially to the
BARISTA)
Actually, is there any credit on
that - ?

STARBUCKS TEENAGER
There is, madam. In fact today for
existing cardholders we're offering
a free upgrade to a 'Gold Roast
card'? Fifteen percent off all
future purchases and if you sign up
this morning you get a free fair-
trade coffee mug.

SUZE looks at REBECCA.

MOMENTS LATER: AT THEIR SEAT, SUZE looks dead-eyed across at
REBECCA, drinking from a ZEBRA-STRIPED MUG as big as a SMALL
WASTE BIN.

REBECCA
('don't shoot me! ')
Fifteen percent discount! It'll pay
for itself in weeks. What are you
looking at?

SUZE
A big mug.

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES FOYER - NEXT DAY

CONFIDENT, POWER MUSIC! REBECCA strides across the marble.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 Rebecca Bloomwood. Twenty five.
 Employee of Dantay West! Suit,
 Whistles.

She sneaks a smile at ALLON, who BUZZES the turnstile.

ALLON
 (sv)
 She's off to see the Wizard-d.

INT. ELEVATOR, DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES

She squeezes in to find she's in there with EVIE and another such walking beauty.

EVIE BURDETT-COUTTS
 ...which of course I am NOT going
 to miss, so if I start London Vogue
 Autumn, to get the London Season in
 I'll probably have to leave NYC
 late July.

REBECCA's eyes light up. 'Leaving in July'. Hmm. EVIE turns to see REBECCA looking at her. She kills her with ice.

EVIE BURDETT-COUTTS
 (nods)
 I believe this is your level.

REBECCA smiles, steps out. The elevator doors close. She stares at them.

REBECCA
 I prefer the word 'floor'.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

LUKE and his troops round a table.

LUKE
 Ok. Russell, I want the graphic on
 "Federal Tax Penalties" this
 afternoon. John, we need four
 hundred words on "Immediate
 Annuities." And Cheryl, scratch
 the piece on "Analog Chip Growth."
 Try to come up with something
 Fortune didn't cover last month.
 (turns to REBECCA)
 Rebecca have you got the piece -
 everyone this is Rebecca - the
 piece on APRs?

REBECCA

(confidently)

I do.

LUKE

(clicks for it)

Ok. Everyone else go to it.

(checks watch)

We go to press in nine hours

The room clears. REBECCA waits while her piece is read. She peers into her coffee. It does not meet with her approval. She stirs it with her finger.

LUKE

What IS this?

REBECCA

(staring into her mug)

I know. I think when it was alive
it was a latte.

She looks up. LUKE is looking at her.

REBECCA

'Five hundred words on store card
APRs'.

(back to the coffee:)

Have you never thought of getting a
Starbucks concession? Honestly,
you'd save thousands in man hours
of people going out -

LUKE

This is five hundred words on what
an APR 'IS' which looks as if it
was copied straight out of 'Money
For Dummies'.

REBECCA

(swallows)

Right. Well I don't know how THAT
could have happened -

LUKE

The point about your sample column
was that it articulated something
financial by being ABOUT something
else. Tangible. Something that put
the world of -

(slaps her page)

- abbreviations in the reach of
Harry Schmo and his two hundred
dollar investment portfolio.

(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)
 It - where was it - ?
 (searches, and grabs it)
 "Security can mean different things
 to different people. For some it's
 going to a party wearing the right
 shoes. This might leave you feeling
 secure for an evening but have a
 crippling effect on you in later
 life..." You see my *mother* would
 understand that.

His ASSISTANT bobs through, gesturing 'PHONE'.

LUKE
 (taps her current effort)
 Go to it, yeah?

He goes. REBECCA slumps into a chair. Shit.

REBECCA
 ('does' LUKE)
 "Go to it."
 (pause)
 "My name's Luke Brandon. Jacket
 from Gap. Pants from Gap. Shoes oo
 let me guess -

LUKE
 Also Gap. Can I have my chair back?

REBECCA jumps up.

REBECCA
 (muttered apology)
 Mrrsorry.

INT. REBECCA'S DESK, 'SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS' - DAY

REBECCA sits in a huff at being caught out, like a
 REPRIMANDED SCHOOLGIRL.

REBECCA
 (pulls a 'smug' face, and
 'does' LUKE's voice)
 'Shoes also Gap. Can I have my
 chair back?'

LUKE
 Also.

REBECCA
 (jumps again)
 N-YA HA.

LUKE

Remember I hired you because I
figured you might possibly just
have a voice. That's what I want to
hear, Rebecca. YOUR voice
(slight pause)
If you're not too busy doing MY
voice.

REBECCA's face tightens in childish petulance.

LUKE

(over his shoulder)
Call me the second it's done.

R-right, buster. She takes a swig of coffee, and almost GAGS.
But as she LOOKS at the coffee, she has an IDEA...

EXT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

MUSIC: One light alone is on.

REBECCA (V.O.)

"So here I sit. Total freedom to
get fifteen percent off any coffee
anywhere I go, yet the unerring
feeling I have somehow walked into
a trap."

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA is at her MAC.

REBECCA

"A cup in my hand the size of a
wastebin, but still not entirely
sure which of us is the bigger
mug."

Bang. She hits the 'save' key. REBECCA looks at the clock. It
reads '3.12 AM'. She grabs a phone and starts to PUNCH
numbers.

REBECCA

Luke Brandon? Oh hello-o. It's
Rebecca Bloomwood. You asked me to
call you the second I finished.

She leaps round the room doing SILENT VICTORY gestures and
SILENTLY LAUGHING. This SUDDENLY STOPS dead.

REBECCA
(looks at her watch)
What, now?

EXT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES BUILDING - NIGHT

One light is on. PAN DOWN to REBECCA, looking up at it in DISBELIEF. She starts to CROSS the EMPTY STREET.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

REBECCA edges round the door to see LUKE, surrounded by papers, tie removed, hair frazzed....

LUKE
(not looking up, clicks
fingers for the copy)
Thank yo-u.

She gives LUKE the piece of paper.

REBECCA
D'you ever worry you look like the
'Before' guy in a healthcare
commercial?

LUKE makes no reply, reading. REBECCA peers into his mug.

REBECCA
How d'you work this late with this
quality of coffee?

LUKE
(reading:)
Night before a print deadline is
always like this.

REBECCA looks around the office while he reads it. There is a PHOTO FRAME on his desk. She tries to NUDGE it round to see who's in it...

LUKE
(mutters, still reading)
Present. Haven't got round to it.

It's BLANK except for a strap reading '12" x 8"' Hm.

LUKE
Is this 'by Rebecca Bloomwood'?

REBECCA

(narkily)

Oh GOD. YES. What d'you want? Video
of me actually writing it?

LUKE looks up, a slight LIGHTENING OF THE GREY CLOUD of
pressure. Somewhere in here is a man who may one day smile.

LUKE

I mean is that how you want your
column to appear?

REBECCA

Oh. Right. GOD, no. I don't want to
be associated with THIS magazine.

LUKE

(frowns)

Sorry?

REBECCA

(hurriedly)

Too closely. Do I? I mean, like you
said. It might help to be a little
more kind of 'everyman'? Little
more-

(gestures 'in the wind')

'Wooo-oo'.

There is a pause. LUKE looks at her, head on one side.

REBECCA

I mean, first up - is it any good?

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS - DAY

ECU: a little GREEN SCARF LOGO and the title 'THE GIRL IN THE
GREEN SCARF'.

LUKE

'The Girl In The Green Scarf'.

REVEAL: everyone round the table inspects an ISSUE of
'SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS'. REBECCA picks one up.

LUKE

(reads)

'Dear Sir. Thank you for a little
adrenalin-shot of common sense. I
bought your magazine this morning
and have already told three of my
stores where to stick their loyalty
cards.'

(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)
 (he does an eyebrows-raise
 to REBECCA)
 Another e-mail. "...so easy to feel
 they're doing it for your benefit
 that you never check the APR. Well
 done Miss Green Scarf."

Some of REBECCA's neighbors look on, impressed.

RUSSELL
 We never normally get e-mails.

LUKE
 (to REBECCA)
 Which is why I never normally treat
 you to coffee of this quality.

LUKE's ASSISTANT brings in a two trays of CARRY-OUT COFFEES
 to CONSIDERABLE APPROVAL!

LUKE
 Don't think for a moment Edgar West
 paid for this. In his eyes we
 hardly deserve printer ink.

MAISIE
 (sv)
 Cheers to Rebecca.

As REBECCA is given her coffee, and they all 'cheers':

ASSISTANT
 (bobs round door)
 Phone call for Miss Bloomwood.

RUSSELL
 Another fan!

MAISIE
 Oh put it on speaker! Let's hear,
 let's hear!

REBECCA, slightly on a roll with all this, smiles a
 'whatever' as RUSSELL presses the button.

DEREK SMEATH (ON PHONE)
 Miss Bloomwood? This is Derek
 Smeath from the Metropolitan Debt
 Collection Agence-

That's as far as he gets as REBECCA LURCHES THE FULL LENGTH
 of the table, and SLAMS the SPEAKERPHONE into silence. Having
 achieved this singular feat of gymnastics, she looks round.
 EVERYONE has suddenly stopped drinking their coffee. WHAT THE
 HELL WAS THAT?

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS - MOMENTS LATER

REBECCA sits, HEAD IN HANDS, being comforted by LUKE's ASSISTANT. LUKE leans in, very considerate.

LUKE

(gently)
Exactly how long has this ex-boyfriend has been stalking you?

REBECCA

Ever since the relationship finished. About the time he started working at that WRETCHED debt collection agency. I think that changed him, you know? It made him feel I kind of OWED him something.

LUKE

OK look. No pressure. I can print your sample column for next issue. Take the rest of the day.

(to ASSISTANT)

And block ALL future calls from Derek Smeath.

They stand. REBECCA's face, in private, does a 'christ, THAT was close'.

INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S STORE, NYC - NEXT DAY

REBECCA is gaily blitzing her way through a crockery department with a LASER SCANNER and a list.

REBECCA

I have to say he was unexpectedly compassionate. OO hey! Gilt-edged shot glasses! No married couple should be without / some -

SUZE

(snatches her list back)
Can I have my wedding list back?

REBECCA

(points with scanner)
FONDUE!

SUZE

I don't want a fondue.
(snatches the scanner)
(MORE)

SUZE (cont'd)
So what turned Mister Smug into
Mister Compassionate?

REBECCA
(turning fondue round)
I think probably telling him Derek
Smeath was an ex-lover who was
stalking me.
(turns a fondue fork)
Look at the little forks!

SUZE
WHAT?

REBECCA
(remembers:)
PLUS - get this. Evie Perfect-Pants
is leaving!

SUZE
(snatches fondue)
You told him Derek Smeath was
STALKING you?

REBECCA
Which means there might be a job at
Elan-n!
(points)
Oh my god. A Raclette! Does Danny
like Swiss food-URGH.

She is dragged sideways...

INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S STORE, NYC - THE DVD SECTION
...down the DVD racks.

REBECCA
We're supposed to be buying
presents for YOU!

SUZE
Believe me this WILL be a present
if you solemnly promise to watch
it.

REBECCA
God. A DVD I need a solemn promise
to make me watch. What is it?
Crouching Tiger?

ANGLE: The DVD reads:

DVD INTRO VOICE OVER (V.O.)

Control Your Urge To Shop, with
Leonard Clark.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

On the TV SET a bright eyed man appears. This is LEONARD CLARK.

LEONARD (ON TV)

Do you find yourself drawn towards
stores?

REVERSE TO SHOW REBECCA, watching it, grimly stony-faced.

REBECCA

(confidently)

Nope.

LEONARD (ON TV)

Do you find it hard to pass a store
with a 'Sale' sign?

REBECCA

(confidently)

Nope.

LEONARD (ON TV)

Does your heart quicken when you
see new products laid out in neat
piles?

REBECCA

N-nope.

LEONARD (ON TV)

Have you said 'no' to all these and
are consequently in denial?

Pause.

REBECCA

(quieter)

Nope.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY - NEXT DAY

MUSIC: REBECCA walks to work.

LEONARD (V.O.)

Let's have a look at your spending
patterns.

(MORE)

LEONARD (V.O.) (cont'd)
On your way to work, buy a notepad
to keep a record of ALL purchases.

REBECCA heads left into:

INT. STATIONERY STORE, MADISON AVENUE - DAY

MUSIC: REBECCA goes up to pay for a cheap notepad, when she notices a LEOPARD PRINT, CHIC NOTEPAD in the glass case beneath. Her FACE LIGHTS UP!

INT. STARBUCKS STORE, MADISON AVENUE - DAY

REBECCA waits to order a coffee.

LEONARD (V.O.)
At breaktime, remember coffee
outlets are charging a huge mark-up
for styrofoam and a little froth.
Make your OWN coffee! Take it IN to
work!

REBECCA's eyes go LEFT to the sign "CAPPUCCINO MAKERS & BEAN GRINDERS" for sale!

EXT. STARBUCKS STORE, MADISON AVENUE - LATER

MUSIC: REBECCA emerges without coffee, but WITH a new shiny CAPPUCCINO MAKER and BEAN GRINDER.

INT. REBECCA'S DESK, 'SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS' - LATER

MUSIC: REBECCA looks at her homemade sandwich.

LEONARD
Lunchtime! Take your own sandwich
in to work. Defy that seller and
his mark-up!

REBECCA turns her dead-on-the-slab sandwich like a lab rat.

LEONARD (V.O.)
But in the early days, remember to
release the pressure with the odd
little treat...

INT. 'YAKAMOTO' SUSHI BAR - FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

MUSIC: REBECCA waves to the waiter.

REBECCA

Yes, again please? Another one of those Kakomatzu Rolls?

LEONARD

...giving yourself opportunity to sit back and revel in calculating how MUCH you've already saved today!

ECU: REBECCA's PEN runs down a list of 'SANDWICH - \$2, CAPPUCCINO MAKER \$121, BEAN-GRINDER \$35, NOTEPAD \$39....' It hasn't ended but we WHIP PAN up to REBECCA, SURROUNDED BY HER COFFEE MACHINES, writing into her LEOPARDSKIN NOTE PAD with a MOUTH FULL of EXPENSIVE JAPANESE FOOD.

REBECCA

(mouth full)

'Two hundred and four dollars!

(looks round)

How the hell did THAT happen'?

EXT. 'YAKAMOTO' SUSHI BAR - FIFTH AVENUE

REBECCA emerges like a GUILTY CONVICT ON THE RUN, bags under her arms.

LEONARD (V.O.)

But most of all, learn to ignore the siren call of the store window.

TAP-TAPPITY-TAP! REBECCA turns to see a mannequin in the window of Marni. REBECCA shrieks as though it were a ZOMBIE. She backs into the window of Coach, where A mannequin TAPS AND GESTURES TO HER: 'YOU - IN THIS OUTFIT? - A-1!'.

MUSIC crashes in as REBECCA begins a struggling-run up Madison like the fashion version of 'Night Of The Living Dead'. Every mannequin in EVERY designer store beats on the window and IMPLORES HER IN! ALL of them! Burberry! Chloe! Missoni! Zara! Jimmy Choo! Prada! Miu Miu!....

She lurches for sanctuary into the foyer of:

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES FOYER

...and BOUNCES OFF a WELL-TANNED SIXTY YEAR OLD TEXAN in a suit. This sends her cappuccino machine, bean grinder and 20,000 coffee beans skiddling across the marble.

REBECCA

(furious)

Oh GOD.

(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)

(shouts)

That was my bean-grinder!

(points to the beans)

Half of those are decaffeinated!

WELL-TANNED MAN

(suave smile)

Well I'm sorry madam. I didn't realize this was your building.

REBECCA

(gathering her chattels)

Yeah yeah you can stick the sarcasm, buddy. Not like it's YOUR building either.

Suddenly, LUKE appears from nowhere like an angel in Gap.

LUKE (O.S.)

Sorry about that Mister West

REBECCA looks up at the BROAD-SMILING 'Mister West'. Behind him is indeed the huge wall-plaque 'Dantay West'.

LUKE

I would have -

(gives notebook to

REBECCA)

- introduced you before. This is Rebecca Bloomwood. Our new columnist. Who we're getting a lot of e-mail response...in FACT we've just been told someone brought it up on CBS Viewpoint America, which is the first time / we -

EDGAR WEST

'Successful Savings'? Well Let's hope for Mister Brandon's sake you're as good at keeping things up as you are at knocking them down!

EDGAR WEST spreads his smile round the room like a Martian might spread round a death-ray. He leaves with his chauffeur.

REBECCA looks to LUKE. That was a little bit of a SLIGHT AT HIM. He looks at her as THOUGH HE KNOWS SHE'S THINKING THAT, and walks to the elevator.

REBECCA

What was all that?

LUKE presses the elevator.

LUKE

"Improve circulation"

(it pings)

Ed West says a lot of things to me,
but that's basically what they all
boil down to.

Others get in the elevator.

REBECCA

So we got mentioned on 'Viewpoint
America'?

The doors start to close. LUKE smiles for the first time.

REBECCA

(calls)

You should compliment people more.
Doesn't hurt.

The doors shut.

LUKE

(from behind the doors)

I like your bean grinder.

ANGLE ON REBECCA - she SMILES AT WHERE LUKE WAS. Also for the
first time.

INT. BRIDAL STORE - DAY

SUZE is in a WEDDING DRESS.

SUZE

YOU SPENT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS ON A
PLAN TO SAVE MONEY?

REBECCA

Don't say it like that. That makes
me sound stupid.

SUZE

(waves the leather
notepad)

What's THIS?

REBECCA

Full leather, five-clasp fitting on
a patent Swiss design. I calculated
over ten years that'll save me two
hundred and seventy eight dollars
in notepads.

SUZE

I give up. I ABSOLUTELY - *Right*.
 (cursorily to the bridal
 assistant)
 Yes, whatever. It's white. I'll
 take it.

REBECCA

(in horror at this)
Suze? It's your wedding dress!

SUZE

(points at her)
 Come with me.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC: The DAVID DE LAINE STORE.

SUZE

If you can't live within your means
 you either change how you live...

She brings REBECCA's HEAD forcibly down from the GLORIOUSLY-
 DRESSED MANNEQUINS...

SUZE

- or increase your means.

...to a neat SIGN that says 'SATURDAY STAFF REQUIRED'

INT. DAVID DE LAINE STORE, MADISON AVE

ECU: a namebadge that says "REBECCA - assistant"

REBECCA (V.O.)

"Name, 'Rebecca Assistant'. Only
 daughter of Mr and Mrs Assistant.

REVEAL: REBECCA, an assistant, standing in the wonderful
 store. She is being instructed by ALISHA, 22.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Top, functional. Pants, functional.

ALISHA

...over the arm, back in on itself.
 That's what we call the 'David De
 Laine Fold'.
 (smiles efficiently)
 Ok. Off you go.

ANGLE: REBECCA stares at the cashmere sweater. She starts to fold it. She swears under her breath. It doesn't work. Starts again. How did it go?

CAPTION: 'FIVE MINUTES LATER'

REBECCA has made a piece of modern art out of the cashmere.

CAPTION: 'ELEVEN MINUTES LATER'

EYE-LEVEL on the table, one sweater stands proud of all the others in the pile. REBECCA swears and whips it up again.

CAPTION: 'TWENTY THREE MINUTES LATER'

The cashmere sweater is folded FINALLY in the 'De Laine' fold. REBECCA stands back, wiping her brow, as though she'd done a ROUND WITH MIKE TYSON. A CUSTOMER from L.A. breezes past, talking to her friend.

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

...which he didn't buy me, of course. D'you like cashmere?

(picks up the sweater)

I cannot wear it.

(drops it in a heap)

Oh look at those boots!

She didn't even stop moving! And she can't wear it anyway! REBECCA gets a PSYCHOTIC URGE TO KILL. We think she's seriously GOING TO GO AFTER THE CUSTOMER, when fortunately ALISHA steps in with a clipboard.

REBECCA

OK. Midday rotation. You're on dressing rooms.

INT. DAVID DE LAINE STORE, MADISON AVE - DRESSING ROOMS

REBECCA's face is like thunder.

SUZE

Hahey! How's it going?

SUZE appears, eating a sandwich.

REBECCA

(deathly)

I'm stood here watching other people try on David De Laine clothes. How d'you think it's 'going'?

SUZE

(jigs her arm)

Precisely. And you're COPING. This is great therapy for someone-

REBECCA

"THERAP-"?

(quieter, leans in:)

I do not need 'therapy', Suze. I go shopping. I spend the money that stores offer me to go shopping in them. I don't -

(waves an arm)

- collect roadkill and take it home and talk to it.

(eyes go WIDE!)

OH MY GOD.

MUSIC: ANGLE - some ZEBRA PRINT JEANS on a 'SALE' rack.

REBECCA

(as though saying 'the ark of the covenant')

The Zebra print jeans!

(SUZE turns - what?)

I saw them. They were five hundred dollars and I thought 'they're the most beautiful jeans' and now they're on sale and I - Oh god.

(turns as a dying man to a doctor)

Buy them.

SUZE

What?

REBECCA

For me. Please. I'll pay you back with what I earn today.

SUZE

(grabs her collar)

No you WON'T, because with what you earn today you're going to pay twenty dollars into five maxed-out credit cards.

REBECCA

(takes her on one side)

You don't understand. These aren't just jeans. These are the kind of jeans that define a psyche. People would me call 'the girl in the zebra print jeans'

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

Excuse me?

They turn. There is that CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER again, with a pile of clothes, on the top of which are THE ZEBRA PRINT JEANS! HORROR MUSIC!

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

Can I try these on please?

REBECCA looks at her, eyes pale, smile of horror fixed on her face. WHAT CAN SHE SAY? How about the FIRST THING THAT COMES INTO HER HEAD.

REBECCA

('regretfully')

N-no.

ANGLE: SUZE's face - what?

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

(beat, frowns)

Sorry?

REBECCA

Only three, sorry. Allowed. At a time.

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

(mutters)

Thought it was four.

(gives her the bottom item, a capelet)

Whatever.

REBECCA

(with wincing regret:)

Has to be the top item, sorry.

SUZE looks: 'WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING'?

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

It 'has to be the top item'?

REBECCA pulls an 'I KNOW! WHAT CAN YOU DO?' face.

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

(re-orders pile)

Well let's pretend THAT was the 'top item'.

REBECCA

(re-orders it back)

No, because you see I know now that it wasn't.

The CUSTOMER looks at REBECCA a beat, then with a MUTTER
GIVES UP THE ZEBRA JEANS and goes into a cubicle.

IN THE STORE: ALISHA is at her work when a BLONDE CUSTOMER
comes up to her with the ZEBRA PRINT JEANS.

BLONDE CUSTOMER
Sorry. Weird thing. I was just in a
cubicle, trying this
(something else)
- on when someone threw these in
the cubicle next to mine and they
kinda rolled under, y'know? An' I
heard a woman say something weird
like 'no-one's having you but me'.

ALISHA looks over to the DRESSING ROOMS, where:

IN THE DRESSING ROOMS: in an EMPTY CUBICLE, REBECCA is
FRANTICALLY SEARCHING.

REBECCA
(urgent whisper)
Definitely. I definitely threw them
in here.

SUZE
(in there battling with
her, violent whisper)
Becca they are PANTS! They're ONLY
PANTS!

REBECCA
(trying to pass, urgent
whisper)
That's easy to say if you're the
kind of person who says 'that'll
do, it's white' about her wedding
dress.

The CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER leans out of the facing cubicle.

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER
OK the top doesn't work. Let me
swap for the jeans.

REBECCA freezes and decides to feign ignorance.

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER
(clicks impatiently)
The jeans. The Zebra print.

REBECCA

Oh THOSE! Yes. I remember. Yes.
(slight pause)
They sold.

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

(slight beat)
I gave them to you forty seconds
ago.

REBECCA

BUT we DO have a new selection of
capri pants which are *seriously* -

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

(louder)
I gave you them FORTY SECONDS AGO.

ALISHA

(appearing sweetly)
Everything OK?

CALIFORNIAN CUSTOMER

She's saying someone just bought a
pair of jeans I put on one side
because I couldn't take four items
in, and -

ALISHA

Yes you can.

CUSTOMER

I KNEW it!

ALISHA

(points)
There's signs up there that say
'four'!

REBECCA

Alright, ALRIGHT. God almighty,
they're only PANTS.

ALISHA

(turns on REBECCA)
DID you sell them?

REBECCA

Yes! To a - to a - to a West Indian
Lady.

ANGLE: SUZE'S face is one of INCREASING DISBELIEF.

REBECCA

And I SAID they wouldn't work, she was trying to match a hooped Prada blouse with zebra print, and -

ALISHA

(produces them)

These jeans?

REBECCA

(covers brilliantly)

Yes. And you see she's obviously returned them so I was right. So-

(passes them over

brusquely)

- you can try them on by all means. But all I'll say about zebra print on pants is that you never hear anyone saying 'there goes a zebra with a small ass'.

There is a HORRIFIED SILENCE. Yup, SHE REALLY DID SAY THAT. The top half of SUZE's sandwich drops to the floor.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT

REBECCA hangs over the settee in theatrical grief-pose.

REBECCA

OHHHH GODDDD

SUZE

Give me the tequila back.

REBECCA

That was so unfair.

SUZE

She was TOTALLY within her rights to fire you.

REBECCA

She wouldn't even let me use my staff discount for that nice belt on the way out to cheer myself up.

SUZE

(pulls her up)

Read my lips. You are living - a lie.

(MORE)

SUZE (cont'd)

You have to get out of 'Successful Savings' before people find you out, in which case you will affect the reputation of the magazine and you as ANY kind of journalist, Becks. In which case there will BE no job at *Elan*.

REBECCA'S PHONE RINGS. Ill-advisedly she snatches it up.

REBECCA

(rather snaps:)

Rebecca Bloomwood.

She sits bolt upright.

REBECCA

Yes indeed you 'finally have' caught me -

(for the benefit of SUZE)

- MISTER SMEATH. I sh - YES! I DO feel much better, thank you. And I -

(gestures 'death by hanging')

Is it? Is it really that much? Well well...well it's just as well, isn't it, that I'm about to come into some family money!

EXT. REBECCA'S PARENTS GARDEN - DAY

A DIME is pulled from REBECCA's ear in the age-old family trick. Her dad LOU puts it in her hand and pats it.

LOU

Spend it wisely.

REBECCA gives a pale little laugh.

REBECCA

Actually Dad, money WAS what I came here to talk to about.

LOU

Yeah?

(calls)

Amy, what's with the iced tea? We're dying out here!

In a PRIVATE MOMENT we see REBECCA's head drop.

REBECCA

(sv)

Can't believe you're gonna ask
this. I cannot *believe* you're gonna
ask them this.

LOU

Kinda funny, actually. Your mom and
I were just gonna call you, same
reason!

REBECCA looks up - what? - as her mom AMY brings in a tray of
drinks.

REBECCA

'Money'?

LOU

Money. Savings. Our savings...

He LOOKS TO HIS WIFE to lead off. She smiles, sits.

AMY

Honey you know all our married life
we've been kinda - how would you
say it, Lou?

LOU

(gestures 'I surrender!')

We go to Swap Meets.

AMY

(smiles)

Like you said. We're 'the kind of
people who go to Swap Meets.'

REBECCA

I didn't mean to -

AMY

(hand up)

No no, and you're right. We are.
Kind of deep in here -

(taps her head)

- we've been savers, not spenders.

LOU

Which means of course here we are
now, me sixty two, your mom twenty
four...

AMY

(smiles, takes his hand)
We've built up a considerable nest
egg, Rebecca. Of money.

REBECCA

(sv, guilty as hell)
Yeah?

AMY

And we wanted to call you, our one
and only wonderful daughter, round
here today to tell you...

She looks to LOU with a LITTLE SMILE.

LOU & AMY

We spent it.

REBECCA's face freezes. As if GOD WAS LAUGHING there is the
TWIN-TONE HONK of a HUGE VEHICLE.

EXT. REBECCA'S PARENTS HOUSE - LATER

A LARGE and BATTERED RV pulls up the road with LOU at the
wheel like a KID with a NEW TOY.

LOU

(leans out of window)
Isn't she a babe?

ON THE SIDEWALK: AMY loops arms with the SPEECHLESS REBECCA!

AMY

He has wanted one of these - oh,
since the day I met him.

She turns REBECCA to her.

AMY

And you know why we suddenly
decided to do this, at this time in
our lives?

REBECCA

(slowly)
I know the *medical* term.

AMY

(hits her playfully)
We have never been sounder of mind!
(gets out some papers)
You know Jean and Bill in England?
Sent us this off the web.

(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)
One of those things really -
('hits you in the
forehead')
Y' know? Really makes you sit up
and think about money. And what
it's worth. And security in old
age.

(hands it to REBECCA)
You should read it. Little piece by
someone called 'The Girl In The
Green Scarf'.

REBECCA's eyes go like ORGAN STOPS.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS - NIGHT
TIGHT ON LUKE:

LUKE
Your column's being blogged round
the net, did you know that?

REVERSE: An empty table apart from REBECCA.

REBECCA
I had - heard.

LUKE
You don't look pleased.

REBECCA
Doesn't it just mean people aren't
buying the magazine?

LUKE
(sips coffee, shakes head)
Mm-mm.
(swallows)
Means people who never thought
'Successful Savings' was for them
are thinking 'hold on, I GET this!
I understand this!' Whoa. Whole new
demographic.
(grabs his jacket)
Which means....IF you could get a
column about butterfly investments
ready for print overnight, it might
be good to take you to Miami.

INT. BORDERS BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

REBECCA is copying secretly out of MONEY FOR DUMMIES:

SUZE

'Miami'?

TANNOY

Borders bookshop is now closing.

REBECCA

(running down in panic:)

'Butterfly Investments, butterfly
INVESTMENTS-S'

(waves dismissively)

It's some conference where people
who run magazines meet people who
might advertise in magazines.

SUZE

That doesn't concern you! You're
leaving the damn magazine! Why the
hell have you said you'll go to
Miami to promote it?

REBECCA

(snaps, panicking)

Because currently Miami is a place
where Derek Smeath ISN'T.

EXT. MIAMI COASTLINE - DAY

A dream entrance into MIAMI. We lap it up, so its glamour
contrasts terribly with :

INT. DULL CONFERENCE ROOM OF CRAP HOTEL - DAY

A TYPICAL TRADE FAIR. Stands of various magazines and many
business people in suits and shirts. REBECCA spots
'SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS' across the room and starts to make her
way across, when she hears:

TRADE FAIR DELEGATE

'Organic Beauty' I think it was.

(holds up:)

Giving away these dinky little skin-
survival packs.

'Giving?' 'Away'? REBECCA is onto it like a shark sniffing
blood in the water.

THE 'ORGANIC BEAUTY' STAND: A kit is in REBECCA's hand!

ORGANIC BEAUTY DELEGATE

Certainly. Can I just tick off -
what company do you represent?

REBECCA
 (inspecting it lovingly)
 I'm with 'Successful Savings'.

ORGANIC BEAUTY DELEGATE
 (tone changes)
 Another *publication*?
 (takes back the freebie)
 Sorry. Gifts are for potential
 advertisers only.

The item of beauty is withdrawn. REBECCA is distraught.

LATER: The "TODAY'S BOATBUILDER" STAND:

BOATBUILDER DELEGATE
 (handing over)
 Complimentary little silver
 timepiece there you see, with the
 nautical rope motif. Sorry -
 (raises clipboard)
 Can I just register what company
 you represent?

REBECCA
 Rebecca Bloomwood. Bloomwood
 Condominiums.

LATER: the 'COUNTRY KITCHEN STAND': LUKE spots REBECCA from
 the back. She has a BAG GROANING WITH FREEBIES.

COUNTRY KITCHEN DELEGATE
 ...hand-dipped in Belgian
 chocolate.

LUKE
 Rebecca?

REBECCA turns round, both cheeks full like a HAMSTER.

LUKE
 (frowns at her cheeks:)
 I'm afraid we have to network...
 (looks down)
 What's in the bag?

REBECCA
 N-gg-
 (swallows one hard)
 - gmmm - ABSOLUTELY explain. See,
 I'm thinking of doing a column on
 these.
 (shows him the bag's
 contents)
 (MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)
 Freebies. Enticements. How the
 gullible get lured into things in
 life with superficial...flam.

LUKE
 (looks up at her in
 admiration:)
 You really think on your feet.

REBECCA swallows the other strawberry - with difficulty - and
 winks a 'you have NO idea.'

INT. DULL CONFERENCE ROOM OF CRAP HOTEL - LATER

MUSIC OF POTENTIAL! REBECCA is paraded to a GROUP OF
 BUSINESSMEN and WOMEN

LUKE
 (smiles)
 This is Rebecca Bloomwood - writes
 - you may have heard, we have this
 new 'Girl In The Green Scarf
 Column'?

They have! The ice is broken. We JUMP to:

MUSIC! REBECCA is paraded to ANOTHER GROUP.

LUKE
 (presenting papers:)
 ...yesterday we got figures showing
 increased readership in these
 demographics...

BUSINESSMAN
 (to REBECCA)
 You know - hold on. My father in
 law mentioned this to me...

LUKE
 Precisely!

MUSIC! Jump to ANOTHER GROUP.

BUSINESSWOMAN
 (points at REBECCA)
 Oh I did! Butterfly Investments!
 Handbag clasps! I showed it to my
 daughter! The only thing she
 understands is handbags.

LUKE shares a SECRET SMILE OF SUCCESS with REBECCA!

This picks up a gear and UNFOLDS into a MONTAGE of REBECCA and LUKE talking, laughing and generally IMPRESSING MANY different groups of PEOPLE.

At the END which, the end of a LONG DAY, with the crowds THINNING, REBECCA collapses EXHAUSTED in a chair on the stand.

LUKE
(looms almost immediately)
OK for one more?

REBECCA
('sure')
Hey.

INT. CORRIDOR OF DULL HOTEL, MIAMI - DAY

LUKE leads her down a corridor.

LUKE
It's gone well, it's been a really good day, but this could be the holy grail.

REBECCA
Really?

LUKE
Potentially a year-long advertising deal. Henrick Luckstrad. Investment Bank of Finland. I told him all about you, your family, how you speak Finnish and he is really, REALLY - Rebecca?

He turns, REBECCA is not there. He takes a few steps back to see REBECCA has HEADED OFF LEFT DOWN SOME FIRE STAIRS.

LUKE
Rebecca?

REBECCA
(stops with mock surprise)
Whoops. God. Just lost you for a moment there.

LUKE
(points)
It's this way.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, DULL HOTEL, MIAMI

The door opens. A DULL MAN in a suit stands up to shake her hand.

LUKE

Henrick Luckstrad. Rebecca
Bloomwood!

MISTER FINLAND

Ahhh!

LUKE looks to REBECCA to respond in Finnish. What else can she say? After a slight PAUSE:

REBECCA

(copies him)

Ahhh!

MISTER FINLAND

Hen IK de berg! A flod flod FLOD-D!
Hen ork di floooorgstraat di garr
NOOD flod i floooorkstrum?

REVERSE: REBECCA looks like a RABBIT CAUGHT IN HEADLIGHTS! Can't swallow. Breathes in to speak. Aborts. Does a little LAUGH and looks down. Looks up. No, everyone's still there! WHAT THE HELL DOES SHE DO?

REBECCA

(points at him)

Denmark!

('how STUPID' am I?)

Did I put *Finland*? I was - GOD. At the interview, being flustered, you know, I - HA! - I think I might have said the wrong country.

She is suddenly aware of a noise behind her. Turns to see:

LUKE is in a FIT OF SILENT LAUGHTER, propping himself up against the wall. We've NEVER seen him like this! What the HELL? Turns back. Mister FINLAND is ALSO holding the table, in SILENT HYSTERICS.

MISTER FINLAND

(New Jersey Accent)

Sorry. Sorry sweetheart.

(hands out to shake)

My name's Eddie. I'm a friend of this guy from way back.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT STEPS, MIAMI - DAY

BANG! REBECCA slams out of the front doors. LUKE is following, at speed.

LUKE
(calls)
Rebecca! Rebecca!

He runs in front of her down the sidewalk.

REBECCA
That is such a SMUG thing to do.
That is SUCH a 'MISTER
SMUG'...what, so you found me out.
You want me to resign? OK. Bingo.

LUKE
Rebecca -

REBECCA
I should have KNOWN, soon as I
walked in that interview - soon as
I saw that JACKET -

LUKE
I'm not asking you to resign.

REBECCA
You KNEW ALL THE TIME THAT I
COULDN'T SPEAK FINNISH?

LUKE
It's why I gave you the job.

Pause

LUKE
It showed me you had something none
of the other guys had.

REBECCA
What? Parents in Helsinki?

LUKE
Desire, Rebecca. Real, deep, honest
to God...It showed me that the
thing you wanted most in the world
was to work for Successful Savings.
(slight pause)
Am I right?

REBECCA sort of mouths various shapes, none of which amount
to anything, but which LUKE takes as a 'yes'.

LUKE

I didn't know Eddie was going to be here. We'd had *such* a good day - well YOU, you've done so well today, I just...whatever. Carried away. Sorry.

REBECCA moves the HAIR from her eyes, blown by late afternoon wind. The shadows are long, the sidewalk warm.

REBECCA

(mutters, grudgingly)
Didn't know you could laugh.

This awakens memories of situation again and LUKE has to BITE HIMSELF to STOP LAUGHING AGAIN.

REBECCA

That doesn't mean start laughing again.

There's a pause as he pulls his face back to 'straight'.

REBECCA

(coughs, recomposes slightly)
If I don't resign I might have said some things back there I now regret.

LUKE

The jacket.

REBECCA

No, the smugness. I meant it about the jacket.

LUKE

There's nothing wrong with this jacket.

No words, she says 'there is'.

LUKE

What?

REBECCA

It says the wrong thing about you.

LUKE

Look, I don't like shopping.

REBECCA

Well then it says the right thing about you.

LUKE

OK, and I suppose you'd - you could
walk into a store -
(clicks fingers:)
- find something that said the
'right' thing?

REBECCA

Sorry, you want me to rescue your
image now as well as your magazine?

LUKE smiles at her DEADPAN PLAYFULNESS.

EXT. SHOPPING AVENUE, MIAMI - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA and LUKE walk down the Fifth Avenue of Miami, REBECCA
feigning disinterest.

REBECCA

(waves a hand)
OK well y'know...these are all
'stores'. I SUPPOSE...
(sighs heavily)
...we COULD try David De Laine.

LUKE

(suddenly)
No let's try somewhere else.
(turns a one eighty)
How about-t...over there. What's
that one with - Rebecca?

But REBECCA has ALREADY GONE IN...

INT. DAVID DE LAINE STORE, MIAMI

...because she can't not, because she's ENTRANCED. Everything
has gone SWOONY and BEAUTIFUL:

REBECCA (V.O.)

The smell of things unopened. The
neatness of the piles.
(closes eyes, inhales:)
The warm-buttered toast down the
back of your thr-

LUKE

Rebecca!

REBECCA

(jumps, snaps out:)
OK so we're going to head up now to
mens' clothing on the second floor.
(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)
I'll give you some options,
lengths, colors and y-OH MY GOD
look at those.

She heads STRAIGHT ON INTO THE WOMEN'S SHOE DEPARTMENT.

REBECCA
(panting, under her
breath)
'Seasonal mark-down'! 'Seasonal
mark-down'!
(to the ASSISTANT)
How much are these?

STORE ASSISTANT ENRICO
Three nine five.

REBECCA
(pause)
Hundred...?

STORE ASSISTANT ENRICO
...ninety five.

There is a pause.

REBECCA
Are these not in the 'mark down'?

STORE ASSISTANT ENRICO
They WERE four forty.

REBECCA
Right.

LUKE (O.C.)
You like them?

She turns. LUKE is leaning on a pillar, yawning.

REBECCA
No, I - Yes. But hey. Let's not -

LUKE
Have them.

He holds up a CARD to The ASSISTANT who frowns. Her MANAGER,
straight in there, looks over her shoulder and beams.

MANAGER
That's fine, Sophie. No payment is
required. Wrap the shoes.

REBECCA looks round. What? How did - ? But LUKE has gone.

REBECCA

How did - ? My God.
 (as though just seen an
 angel)
 There's a card where you get things
 without paying?

MANAGER

(smiles, winningly)
 Only in this store. And only if
 you're a member of the De Laine
 family.

MUSIC: REBECCA's face falls audibly.

EXT. BEACH FRONT, MIAMI - EVENING

MUSIC: LUKE is eating an ice cream. REBECCA sees him.

EXT. BEACHFRONT, MIAMI - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC: the PACIFIC laps lazily and seductively.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Why?

LUKE turns, sees REBECCA, lost, holding a fabulous shoebox.

LUKE

You're worth it.
 (offers her an ice cream)
 And believe me that cost a lot.
 Emotionally. First time I've ever
 used that card.

REBECCA

(tries to swallow)
 You appreciate I'm having trouble
 kind of...keeping standing here...

LUKE

I've no interest in fashion, right?
 (indicates 'my jacket')
 Hence no interest in the family
 business. Hence no interest in
 getting a cent out of it.
 (looks at her)
 My lousy jackets will only ever be
 bought with money I'VE earned.
 (he walks off)
 Which is the only money that's
 worth anything.

(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)

(looks out)

You get too much money that feels worth nothing, and...I dunno. Danger is *that's* how you end up feeling about yourself.

He gives a smile. LUKE always seems slightly embarrassed by his smiles. He shouldn't. They're wonderful.

LUKE

That you're only worth as much as your clothes cost.

REBECCA

Oh well I KNOW. That really happens. It's terrible. It's a kind of addiction. I mean ME, I go into stores, I BUY things, but -
(gestures 'means nothing')
Pffrt! End of the day I could take it or leave it.

LUKE

Really.

REBECCA

(nods)
Oh GOD.

LUKE

So if I asked you to put those shoes down on the beach now and walk away from them, you could?

REBECCA is hit in her Achilles heel, but she CAN'T BACK DOWN. After a beat, she rather DEFIANTLY she plonks the shoes down on the wet sand.

LUKE

('go on then')
OK.

REBECCA walks ON AHEAD OF HIM! We can see it's KILLING HER.

REBECCA

(grittedly, over her shoulder:)

I think you'll find that an 'addict' is someone who behaves irrationally and with no sense of self-control regarding a stimulus which, as you can now see in no way describes the way Rebecca Bloomwood reacts to...

She turns round proudly to see only the LAPPING PACIFIC: THE SHOES ARE NOT ON THE SAND ANYMORE.

REBECCA

(screams)

OH MY GOD THEY'VE BEEN WASHED OUT
TO SEA!

REBECCA races past LUKE and straight into the Pacific.

LUKE

REBECCA!

She has DIVED UNDER THE WAVES. LUKE dives in after her.

LUKE

REBECCA!

REBECCA

(surfaces, spluttering:)

*They've gone. They've gone. They've
gone...*

LUKE

I've got them.

REBECCA

They've gone, they've - You got
them?

He produces them.

REBECCA

(reunited with children:)

You found them! THANK YOU. THANK
YOU!

She throws her ARMS ROUND LUKE and KISSES HIM once.

LUKE

I always had them, Rebecca. I
picked them up off the sand.

She PULLS AWAY. They both stand looking at each other, FULLY DRESSED, WAIST DEEP in PACIFIC. Having had their 'first kiss'.

REBECCA

(dead-eyed)

Well then I just kissed you for no
reason.

REBECCA snatches the shoes off him. LUKE looks at her with a magazine editor's acuteness.

LUKE

D'you think there's such thing as a
'kiss for no reason'?

She looks at him. MUSIC:

INT. SHOWER CUBICLE, REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A wet-haired REBECCA, this time in streaming HOT water, with
a SMILE of SMUG JOY on her face.

REBECCA
(dreamily, 1930's
Hollywood)

I don't know, Luke. Do you?

She goes forwards as if to MELT INTO A KISS with an IMAGINARY
PERSON, when the curtain is tweaked back to reveal the non-
plussed face of MISTER MARTINEZ, her landlord.

MISTER MARTINEZ

Bath shower.

REBECCA

WA-ARGH!

REBECCA whips the shower curtain round herself to see a YOUNG
COUPLE peering round the door of HER BATHROOM.

REBECCA

Mister Martinez! What the hell - ?
Why are those people in my
apartment?

MISTER MARTINEZ

'Cause in twenty four hours it's
gonna be THEIR apartment.

REBECCA

(frowns)

What?

(eyes go wide)

WA-AARGH! Where's the 'hot'?
Where's the 'hot'?

She starts to SCRABBLE at the WATER CONTROLS.

INT. SUZE'S APARTMENT

SUZE looks horrified.

SUZE

Mom, you did WHAT?

REVEAL: SUZE'S SWEETLY CONFUSED MOTHER, in a small gathering of FRIENDS, round BOTTLES OF CHEAP CHAMPAGNE, SLIGHTLY CRAMPED on SLIGHTLY UNDERSIZED FURNITURE.

SUZE'S MOTHER

(panicking)

You said instead of normal presents
you were asking people to buy a
goat.

SUZE

Yeah, for AFRICA, mom. Not for me
and Danny. I just -

(sighs, rubs her forehead)

Where IS it?

There's a knock. There's REBECCA, beckoning wildly and
SHOWING AS LITTLE OF HER HEAD as POSSIBLE round the door!

INT. CORRIDOR OF SUZE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA's hair is WITCH-LIKE. She is panting.

SUZE

(coming out into corridor)

...don't BELIEVE it. There is a
goat now in a field in Pennsylvania
with our name on - *dear GOD!*

REBECCA

(snaps)

DON'T.

(calms)

I KNOW I look like the mad conga
woman on fifty fourth. *They cut off
my electricity!*

SUZE

Did you pay the bill?

REBECCA

Plus Mister Martinez - I have ONE
DAY to get out of my APARTMENT!

SUZE

Did you pay his rent?

REBECCA looks at SUZE, like a wet puppy. The answer the
silence gives of course is 'no'.

SUZE

(gets out purse)

You realize it's kinda conventional
at wedding showers for YOU to give
the BRIDE things?

REBECCA

I will buy you a goat, Suze. Honest
to god it's next on my list.

A WEDDING SHOWER FRIEND bobs her head round the door.

SUZE'S FRIEND

Suze? Your mother's stuck in the
armchair again.

SUZE

(rolls her eyes to heaven)

OK look. I give you this rent money
out of love, freely and for
nothing.

SUZE stuffs some DOLLARS into a PINK ENVELOPE that contained
one of her wedding shower cards. But she HOLDS IT BACK!

SUZE

But it comes at a price.

INT. 'SPENDERS ANONYMOUS' THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A middle-aged woman in expensive clothes stands up.

JOYCE

My name's Joyce. I'm the wife of a
hardwood importer. And I'm a
shopaholic.

A small ORIENTAL MAN in cheap clothes stands up.

RYUICHI

My name's Ryuichi. I am primary
carer for my father. And I'm a
shopaholic.

A very TALL BLACK GUY in SPORTS GEAR stands up.

D. FREAK

My name's D. Freak. I play
basketball for the New York Knicks
and I'm a shopaholic.

REVEAL a CHEERY THERAPY GROUP LEADER called LORI.

THERAPY LEADER LORI

Wonderful. Well done.

(she turns)

Rebecca?

REVEAL: REBECCA, arms folded like a TEENAGER ORDERED TO BE SOMEWHERE BY HER MOTHER.

REBECCA

My name's Rebecca Bloomwood and I am absolutely NOT a shopaholic. I'm only here because I promised a friend I'd come to at least two meetings because she thinks I've a problem because I SHOP, OK. I go SHOPPING. I enjoy stores, and I enjoy stores because you know what? Stores are put there to ENJOY!

(looks round)

The experience is ENJOYABLE! It's BEAUTIFUL! The the the *virginity* of them, the *un-touched-ness* of the clothes on the mannequins! The way the light prisms in a chisel-edged glass accessory cabinet... it makes me HAPPY to be there. It makes me WARM and HAPPY and Miss Ptaszinski if being WARM and HAPPY is a condition which merits a self-help group then frankly I'm happy I'm a sufferer.

The GROUP look at her. MISS PTASZINSKI swallows.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

LUKE

It's your honesty.

LUKE looks up from some SHEAFs OF PAPER.

LUKE

That's what's behind all this.

(reads)

"First ever increase in advertising revenue. Shift in core demographics." It all springs from the difference between the green scarf and cityspeak.

(looks up)

People kind of trust your voice.

REVEAL: REBECCA gives a smile. LUKE's PA bobs round the door.

ASSISTANT

Sorry. Reception have a Derek
'Smeath' urgently after Miss
Bloomwood?

REBECCA

Oh my god.

LUKE

Is this him again?

REBECCA

(frowns)

Sorry?

LUKE

The ex-boyfriend who's stalking
you? Hayley.

(to ASSISTANT)

Call Security to have him forcibly
ejected and tell him if he comes in
here again, he'll be arrested.

She nods and goes.

LUKE

I'll put you in a cab to get home.
You'll be OK.

REBECCA

(sv)

Right. Thanks.

LUKE

Some men, I'm afraid you'll find,
cannot accept change.

(hands her an elaborate
envelope)

Although some can, it seems.

REBECCA looks at, and opens it.

LUKE

Every year Ed West takes a table at
the American Print Association
Charity Ball. First time in living
memory Successful Savings is
invited.

REBECCA

(traces her finger over
the script:)

'Rebecca Bl-'? He invited me as
well?

LUKE

(wry laugh)

I rather think I'M the
afterthought.

(smiles)

You have a ball dress, I take it?

REBECCA

(no)

Oh God yess-s!

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

SUZE is OVERJOYED!

SUZE

You left 'Successful Savings'!

REBECCA, EYES CLOSED, is having a dress pulled onto her.

REBECCA

(no)

Oh God, yes.

SUZE

KEEP THEM CLOSED!

REBECCA

(sv, privately:)

*Please be something I can use as a
ball dress. Please be a ball dress.*

SUZE

Oh GOOD girl. Seriously you were SO
gonna get found out Rebecca and
GOD, doesn't it feel great?! Not
having to live a lie? You must -
God, I feel like a WEIGHT's been
lifted! Dunno about YOU!

(pats her back)

Open!

REVEAL; REBECCA is wearing the MOST HIDEOUS BRIDESMAID DRESS
in CREATION. REBECCA is clearly stunned by its ugliness.

SUZE

(joyously - SHE clearly
loves it!)

What d'you think?

REBECCA

(in grinding fashion pain)

Lovely!

SUZE

Honestly?

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

REBECCA walks along, looking in the bag that says 'BRIDAL WEAR' as though it contained severed body parts.

REBECCA (V.O.)

'Rebecca Bloomwood. Dress, hell.
Shoes, hell. Accessories - oof'

She's banged into a GUY in the STREET holding up a sign. PAN UP to see: 'VERSACE SAMPLE SALE'. MUSIC of BIBLICAL JOY! REBECCA turns round with SATANIC CUNNING - has she been seen?

INT. VERSACE SAMPLE SALE - DAY

MUSIC: Oh my GOD the medieval BEARPIT that is a sample sale! SHOPPERS rummage and pillage. REBECCA is in like an expert. This? No. That? No. This black BALL DRESS? Oh YES YES! She checks the label! THAT WOULD DO! What about the price? She checks the label...winces..then REBECCA's eyes go SLY. She gets out the PINK ENVELOPE with the RENT MONEY SUZE GAVE HER!

REBECCA

(sv)

I can't. It's rent money. You
CANNOT spend it on a ball dress.
Walk AWAY.

REBECCA drops it back into the melee and starts to walk...

REBECCA

It's not a dress it's a career
move.

She darts back, and picks up one end of it sticking out of in the scrum...only to realize that somewhere the other side of a fought-over skirt, SOMEONE IS PULLING THE OTHER END! Suddenly the intervening skirt is whipped away, to REVEAL:-

REBECCA

Miss Ptazinski?

It's the cheery THERAPY GROUP LEADER from 'SPENDERS ANONYMOUS'. She collapses in TEARS

THERAPY LEADER LORI

So weak-k. I'm so weak-k...
(she lets go and collapses
to her knees)
(MORE)

THERAPY LEADER LORI (cont'd)
 You-u did this! Why did you have to
 say all that? WHY?

REBECCA's face as MISS PTASZINSKI slides from view...

EXT. 'SPENDERS ANONYMOUS' CLINIC BUILDING.

REBECCA races through the parking lot, checking her watch.

ANGLE: the sign 'SPENDERS ANONYMOUS - ROOM FOUR'. She looks
 at her 'VERSACE SALE' bag. Hmm. Stuffing her BRIDESMAID DRESS
 bag into it, she looks around FRANTICALLY to SEE:

- an imposing dark-haired woman is getting out of her car.

 REBECCA
 Excuse -? Hello?
 (conspiratorially)
 You by any chance going to Spenders
 Anonymous?

 MISS KORCH
 (guardedly)
 Why?

 REBECCA
 Do me a favour. Stow this in your
 trunk?
 (sv, entre-nous)
 Doesn't look good walking into a
 self-help shopping group holding a
 Versace bag.

 MISS KORCH
 Oh I SEE.
 (winks, conspiratorially)
 Sure.

INT. 'SPENDERS ANONYMOUS' THERAPY ROOM

THAT SAME WOMAN RISES like ROSA KLEBB, the KGB ASSASSIN out
 of 'From Russia With Love'.

 MISS KORCH
 My name is Miss Korch. I am your
 new group leader at Spenders'
 Anonymous as Miss Ptazinski is no
 longer here.

REBECCA's face. Oh. My. God.

 MISS KORCH
 I do things differently.

JOYCE

(sv to D. FREAK)

I liked Miss Ptazinksi.

MISS KORCH

Now.

(lifts up REBECCA's
VERSACE SALE bag)

Miss Bloomwood...

REBECCA

(panics, but covers:)

Right can I just say, THOSE I can
ABSOLUTELY explain because that bag
- those - actually that's a dress I
was planning on dropping into the
Salvation Army shop after the
session.

JOYCE, RYUICHI and D. FREAK shake their heads at REBECCA.

MISS KORCH

('smiles')

Well. why wait?

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MISS KORCH strides with Germanic efficiency down MADISON with
REBECCA trailing after her, flailing around for ideas.

REBECCA

Actually thinking about it I might
just send them direct to Africa
with my next batch of goats, you
know? I do quite a lot of goat-
sending.

INT. SALVATION ARMY SHOP, FIFTY FOURTH STREET - EVENING

REBECCA watches her ball dress going over the counter.

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

Ohh isn't that gorgeous! Oh my GOD
you are so kind!

MISS KORCH looks at REBECCA trying not to look PAINED.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MISS KORCH breathes in fresh air of a CITY AFTERNOON!

THERAPY LEADER MISS KORCH

I know you'd just bought that dress, Miss Bloomwood. But doesn't it feel great to stand here now, that one step more liberated of materialism?

REBECCA

Oh it just - actually you know it - yes. GOD it feels just....

(smiles, arms out,
'free':)

Wow!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SALVATION ARMY SHOP, FIFTY FOURTH STREET

REBECCA hits the counter like an alcoholic at opening time.

REBECCA

I need it back.

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

Sorry?

REBECCA

The bag.

(clicks)

The Versace Sale. That I just brought in. There's been a mistake. I need it back. One's a bridesmaid dress and the other I need for a ball.

(as though this
mitigates:)

Charity ball.

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

(face falls)

Oh. Oh I see. I'll tell...

(calls through the shop)

CHRISTY?

A LONG-TERM ILL WOMAN IN A WHEELCHAIR wheels herself out.

CHRISTY

Hiya!

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

We can't sell those last two dresses, honey. There's been a mistake

CHRISTY

(face falls)

Oh.

REBECCA is consumed by GUILT.

REBECCA

I mean I mean I'll PAY for them,
obviously.

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

(brightens)

You WILL? Oh that's GREAT. Oh
really we need every cent here.

(getting the two dresses)

There are people out there in this
city right now being made *homeless*,
no *heating*, no *electricity*...

REBECCA

I can't imagine.

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

(checks label)

That's ninety dollars.

REBECCA

It must be terr - *HOW* much?

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

(shows her the label)

It *is* Versace.

REBECCA looks in the PINK ENVELOPE one more time.

REBECCA

(looks up, swallows:)

I can't afford both.

CHARITY SHOP ORLA

The bridesmaid dress is only up for
twenty. Maybe come back for the
Versace? Dunno. Which is more
important?

MUSIC. There is a DARK CHOICE IN THE AIR. REBECCA swallows.

REBECCA

(almost shaking, ashamed
of her words:)

I'll take the Versace.

There is a THUNDERCRACK....

EXT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - EVENING

...and rain bounces off the sidewalk outside the GUGGENHEIM. There are LIMOS and CHAUFFEURS and BEAUTIFUL DRESSES and guys in tuxedos EVERYWHERE, sashay-ing into this glittering function.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM FOYER - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: from between the crowds, emerges REBECCA, feeling like Hepburn, in her new VERSACE (sale) dress.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 "There she goes. That's Rebecca
 Bloomwood. In the black. They call
 her 'the girl in the Versace'.

One tuxedo-wearing guy, out of the thousand before her, turns from his conversation. It's LUKE. Seeing him dressed like this is SO UNEXPECTED, her heart instantly turns to warm butter.

REBECCA
 (smiles)
 Hey.

LUKE is VISIBLY TAKEN with how good REBECCA looks. ALLON, the receptionist, passes in a tuxedo with paisley red lining.

ALLON
 (to REBECCA:)
 Nice Versace.

REBECCA smiles as if her moral choice has just been vindicated.

LUKE
 (shrugs as if given a
 foreign phrase)
 'Nice Versace'.

REBECCA
 You have no idea what that means,
 do you?

LUKE
 Not a clue.

MAIN ROOM, CONTINUOUS: REBECCA walks in with LUKE and OH, the MUSIC! The STYLE! The PROXIMITY TO BEAUTIFUL THINGS! We see this through REBECCA's eyes, how swooningly wonderful it is!

A SHOAL of ELEGANT WOMEN drift past in FABULOUS DRESSES!

REBECCA

Wow.

(nods at a dress, sv)

David De Laine! Another woman making your family rich.

(nods)

Not YOU, of course.

LUKE

Do you know EVERYTHING that everyone's wearing?

REBECCA

No, no. God no, I'm not THAT -

LUKE points at a SOCIETY GUEST.

REBECCA

Dress, Missoni. Shoes, Vivier. Accessories, Louis Vuitton.

LUKE

Unbelievable. You're like 'The Terminator'.

(peers at her)

Does it come up on the inside of your eyes?

CORAL (O.S.)

Not interrupting, I hope.

Into this moment has shimmered CORAL NAYLOR, 55, dressed impeccably.

LUKE

Coral. Hi.

(waves loosely)

Rebecca Bloomwood. Our new columnist. 'The Girl in the Green-'

CORAL

(silken)

' - Scarf'. *Vraiment*.

LUKE

Coral Naylor, editor of *Elan*.

REBECCA would like to speak, but cannot quite, in the presence of CORAL.

CORAL

You're not drinking, Mister Brandon?

LUKE
(straining to be polite)
No no. Back in the office later.

CORAL
Tonight?

LUKE
Thursdays. Always crazy.

CORAL
Well I'm certainly drinking. Aren't
you, Rebecca?

She smiles, raises her eyebrows. LUKE affably takes the hint.

LUKE
You want me to fight my way to the
champagne bar?

CORAL
Oh you bunny.

LUKE smiles and goes off. Once he's gone, CORAL turns to the
STARSTRUCK REBECCA and gives a little 'FOLLOW ME' gesture.

INT. GUGGENHEIM - A PRIVATE CORNER - MOMENTS LATER:

CORAL
'Rebecca'.
(beckons her to follow, in
affected German)
Folgen Sie mir.

REBECCA nods, as a child in awe of a pop star after a gig.

CORAL
(smiles, beautifully)
Here's a thing. You may not have
realized this but your financial -
(waves an arm)
...'commentary', 'sketch' - what
would you call it?

REBECCA
I just -
(swallows, shrugs)
'Column'.

CORAL

(smiles)

Even though it's about savings -
she yawns - actually it shows quite
a detailed knowledge of the world
of street-level *fashion*.

REBECCA

'Street-level'?

CORAL

Mm.

(nods at REBECCA's dress)

Like that. Which did -

(takes a canape)

- thank you - did set me thinking
about a column for ME that sort of

(flips her canape one
eighty)

- did the inverse. Addressed
fashion from the point of view of a
'money girl'. We send someone out
on the streets with a fixed budget
each month to shop for the best
clothing, accessories, home design -
whatever they can find.

REBECCA is suddenly on the point of physical collapse.

CORAL

Evie Burdett-Coutts is leaving us
in June so a desk is becoming
available...

(she raises her eyebrows
by way of making an
offer)

I mean it would mean leaving
'Successful Savings'. Would that be
a problem?

REBECCA's face. Well no. I mean god, she's told Suze she's
already LEFT! Except of course, there's the issue of:

MAIN HALL - LUKE, currently talking to someone on the edge of
the dance floor. When he SEES REBECCA walking back in. He
hold up a champagne.

LUKE

That's yours. Coral can get her
own.

(does her voice)

'Oh you *bunny*'.

REBECCA

(smiles)

You ain't NO-ONE's bunny.

LUKE

I ain't NO-ONE's bunny.

They smile.

LUKE

(nods at the dance floor)

I'd ask you, but tragically I only
do break dancing.

REBECCA smiles at this.

DANCE FLOOR, CONTINUOUS: As they dance...(not break dancing)

REBECCA

What's she like?

LUKE

(snorts a smile)

Coral and I meet once a year. The
Annual Seventh Floor Conference of
all Dantay West magazines. As you
can now imagine, she acts very much
like her name plate is at the top
of the elevator list and mine is
below 'Trout And Bass'.

(they turn)

Apart from occasional encounters IN
the elevator where she insists on
using the word 'level' instead of
the word 'floor'....

They turn in the dance:

REBECCA

I didn't realize there WAS a
seventh level. Floor.

LUKE

('James Bond' in tone:)

Accessed only by iris scan. The
personal floor of

(Bond Villain-voice)

- Meeester Wess-st.

REBECCA

(smiles)

What's HE like? Always seems
smiley.

LUKE

They call him 'The Crocodile'.

REBECCA

(nods, gets it)

Uh-hu. Bad smile.

LUKE

That, and he lets birds pick at his teeth.

REBECCA really laughs at this. She really likes this guy.

EDGAR WEST (O.S.)

And here she is!

EDGAR WEST is there in a suit and with that smile.

EDGAR WEST

(to REBECCA:)

You kept him up! You knocked me down but you're just about keeping him up! Mister Brandon's ailing temple has at LAST a strong column.

He slaps LUKE on the back, but that was a REAL SLIGHT.
REBECCA SENSES LUKE's FEELINGS here.

EDGAR WEST

(to LUKE)

You got her on contract?

LUKE

Well I was planning / to -

EDGAR WEST

'Planning'! Jeez!

(calls someone over)

Howie!

(back to LUKE)

They been talking about her on NBC, you should've got her ON NBC.

LUKE

Yes, well / I -

EDGAR WEST

(play punches him)

Smell the coffee.

(hugs a CORPULENT MAN in his sixties)

HOWIE! Howard Charap meet Rebecca Bloomwood!

(MORE)

EDGAR WEST (cont'd)

Howard here is the features editor
on 'Viewpoint America'.

(arm round him)

The show we have 'chosen' to give
America its first 'view' of our new
regular addition to *Successful
Savings* - 'the girl in the green
dress'!

(scoops her away)

Come!

REBECCA, being scooped away from LUKE, looks at him over her
shoulder. He MIMICS EDGAR WEST's smile like a kid. Like
Rebecca would have.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF PARTY - NIGHT

The HEARTSTOPPING SKYLINE of Manhattan at night. REBECCA is
staring at it, but sees no beauty. She is LOST IN TROUBLED
THOUGHT. Seen POV LUKE, who then approaches and sits.

REBECCA

I told him I couldn't go on
television 'cause I have nothing to
wear.

LUKE

(nods sagely)

On rough estimate, how many dresses
do you possess?

REBECCA

Around two hundred seventy.

REBECCA turns, her hair is caught by the city night. It is
BREATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL up here. LUKE smiles and touches the
hair out of her face.

LUKE

You, more than anyone in this
building, should be on television.

MUSIC.

LUKE

This building tonight is full of
people who would do *anything* to get
where they want. Who would lie, who
would withhold motives, would
advise people ANY which-way if
there was a chance of personal
gain...

(beat)

(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)

When the world once in a while
throws up a Rebecca Bloomwood,
everyone needs to hear her voice.

Down below, New York goes about its crazy nighttime. Up here
seems so cool, so removed from all that.

LUKE

I hoped -
(looks out)
- like anyone, you hope someday
something you do amounts to
something. I thought it might be
the magazine, but...
(he looks out across the
city)
I can't seem to get it above 'Trout
And Bass'.
(He TURNS TO REBECCA)
But I sit here tonight, still Luke
Brandon. Still below Trout And
Bass. But now 'the man who found
Rebecca Bloomwood'.

At that moment, in that place, looking at her as vulnerable
and as important to him as she is now...

LUKE

That's enough.

...it is IMPOSSIBLE that he doesn't lean forward and KISS
HER.

We PULL AWAY from that ROOFTOP over NYC at night...

INT. CHURCH - NEW YORK SUBURB - DAY

A PRIEST is talking to SUZE and DANNY, both in normal
clothes.

PRIEST

At this point I'll ask 'Does any
person know any lawful impediment
why these two might not be wed'?

There is a cellphone tone. ALL EYES TURN to REBECCA in a
pew. She does a 'SORRY, SORRY', and ducks to check the CALLER
ID. It says "JIMMY CHOO". She presses it.

REBECCA

(whispers)
Hello?
(eyes go wide, re-checks
the ID)
(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)
 Mister Smeath? Sorry, the caller ID-
 (pause- he's been clever)
 Ohhh you're calling from a store
 she SHOPS AT, I SEE. HA! This isn't
 Rebecca, by the way. That's why I'm
 whispering. It's her phone, but I'm
 actually at her bedside.

AT THE ALTAR:

PRIEST
 ...we don't expect anyone to have a
 'lawful impediment'. It's put there
 more as a totem of trust. Which I
 endorse, because I think trust and
 honesty are the bedrock of any
 relationship.

SUZE
 (holding DANNY's arm)
 Oh that's true. That is SO true.

REBECCA
 (barges in, hand over
 phone)
 SUZE - sorry your Reverend - Suze
 it's Derek Smeath. Can you just
 pretend you're called Ward Sister
 McDonagal, we're in St Mark's
 Hospital and I'm in bed with a
 fungal infection.

SUZE gives a wan smile at the PRIEST.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CHURCH - DAY

SUZE walks along at speed, REBECCA trailing her.

REBECCA
 Honest to God Suze that is THE last
 time. That - I just - I can't
 BELIEVE I made you say the word
 'fungal' in front of a vicar.

SUZE
 (turns, SO calm)
 Becks, it's OK. I KNOW it's the
 last time.

REBECCA
 You do?

SUZE

(arms wide)

Come ON! You've left 'Successful Savings'! You're gonna get that job at Elan! You're gonna have money! Pay off debts! Stop living a lie! Everything's going to change, babe! Everything's gonna be great!

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

The doors fly open to reveal CORAL NAYLOR. LUKE and REBECCA look up from a piece of copy.

CORAL

Hello bunny!

LUKE

Coral?

CORAL

I'm here to whisk away your *petit*.

LUKE

'My - '?

CORAL

A l'avis de mon chef!

LUKE

Y'know Coral it really would be fabulous if you didn't keep lapsing into European languages.

CORAL

Our esteemed Mister West has asked some of my girls to take Ms Bloomwood shopping for her television appearance.

LUKE

(looks to REBECCA)

Right. Long as you're not trying to poach my staff.

INT. FOYER OF SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS -

REBECCA is led away by CORAL...

CORAL

(sv, conspiratorially:)

Ah, she sighs. If only he knew. Poor bunny.

...looking at LUKE through the glass window. He does a little wave goodbye. It breaks REBECCA's heart.

CORAL

(turns her round)

Rebecca. This is Evie and Plum.

There stand two fashionistas like beautiful ice towers. REBECCA swallows and smiles simultaneously.

INT. STORES OF MADISON - MONTAGE

MUSIC: REBECCA trails behind EVIE and PLUM like an ugly sister, not part of their conversation, not part of their world. Clothes she holds up get a roman 'no', clothes they hold up they like, then put against her, then dislike. It's painful. Finally:

EVIE BARENDT-COUTTS

We're not getting very far.

REBECCA

Could we - maybe David De Laine?

They look at each other as if - 'if you want'.

INT. DAVID DE LAINE STORE, MADISON AVE

MUSIC OF WONDER! The same style DAVID DE LAINE dress EVIE was wearing that day in the elevator stands out like the HOLY GRAIL. REBECCA approaches it like an altar.

REBECCA

Didn't Evie once...?

(swallows)

Don't suppose the budget would allow something like this?

PLUM

(frowns)

Not expensive, is it?

(turns label, shrugs as it
if were nothing)

Four k.

INT. CHANGING ROOM, DAVID DE LAINE STORE, MADISON

REBECCA steps into the view of her mirror. She CAN'T BELIEVE she's in it! *THE* DDL dress! As she turns, she hears voices.

EVIE BARENDT-COUTTS (V.O.)

In the marine?

PLUM (V.O.)

In the *marine*! 'Sure Evie had it.
First rule of shopping, honey. Just
because you FIT it doesn't mean you
can WEAR it'.

There is laughter. REBECCA looks back at herself in the mirror, wounded. She tries to rally.

REBECCA

(like Rocky)

It defines my psyche.

(beat)

Said 'the girl in the David De
Laine dress'.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, NYC - DAY

FULL SCREEN of MARTHA LOCKYEAR, mid-fifties and erudite.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR (ON SCREEN)

Eleven o'clock on 'Viewpoint
America'. Got money issues? Who
hasn't? Thirty percent of Americans
carry debt charges over \$10,000. We
have Gurus from 'Successful
Savings' magazine here today -

INT. BRIDAL SHOP, NYC

SUZE is having her WEDDING DRESS fitted, aided by her MOM. It says EVERYTHING about the quality of this establishment that someone is watching TV on the serving counter.

SUZE

(pins in mouth)

Hey. They got the guy who took
Rebecca's old job.

She STOPS DEAD because her EYE is caught by the sight of
REBECCA ON THE TELEVISION. The pins fall out of her mouth.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, NYC

LOUD LAUGHTER in THE STUDIO with its little daytime audience.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR

Well I understood it!

LUKE

Which is the point. So much financial journalism is beyond the reach of normal people but of course it's those guys who hold the most money in savings. Isn't it Rebecca?

REBECCA

Yeah. It's people like my mom and dad.

INT. REBECCA'S PARENTS LOUNGE

Mending RV PARTS, LOU calls, despite being SPEECHLESS.

LOU

(sv)

Amy. AMY!

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, NYC

MARTHA is SO in tune with REBECCA.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR

...the capelet! The thing - what was that thing you said about the capelet, about worth -?

REBECCA

'The difference between cost and worth.'

LUKE

The thing about credit, about ALL money really is that we're trading in air. In paper.

REBECCA

(sees an opportunity to contribute suddenly)

That's right. Everything's based on something you can't see or or or touch but which actually is the most valuable commodity in America. And that's -

(nods, realizes what she's about to say:)

...that's 'trust'.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR

'Trust'! That is SO tr- this is great. I wasn't going to do this but people need the chance while you're here -

(to the audience:)

Is there anyone in the audience today with money issues they'd like to run past Rebecca?

REBECCA tenses, but seen only by her and us, LUKE TOUCHES her hand with a little REASSURING SQUEEZE. A HAND in the audience goes up, and a SMALL BESPECTACLED MAN stands, smiling meekly.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR

Thought there might be!

(points to him:)

You do? Sir? What area?

BESPECTACLED MAN

Well to be honest, I - I came in today because I heard Rebecca was going to be on, and I'm having trouble with debt.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR

(nods)

Mortgage debt or car debt?

BESPECTACLED MAN

Miss Bloomwood's debt. I work for the Metropolitan Debt Collection Agency. My name is Derek Smeath.

REBECCA freezes.

INT. BRIDAL SHOP

SUZE, on the floor in a meringue of dress: hand flies to mouth.

SUZE

Oh my god.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, NYC

REBECCA has TURNED TO STONE. MARTHA is lost.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR

'Rebecca Bloomwood's' debt?

LUKE

(intervenes, manfully)

Oh for god's - look, can I just say
this man has been stalking Rebecca
for the past year.

The STUDIO tenses immediately. PA's wave to put SECURITY on
STANDBY, much GESTURING of 'DO WE CUT'?

DEREK SMEATH

I have. To recover unrepaid credit
from an store card totalling eight
thousand two hundred and twelve
dollars.

LUKE

No, because *he is her ex boyfriend.*

Even as he SAYS THESE WORDS, the unlikelihood of this pairing
hits him. DEREK is about sixty three and balding.

MARTHA LOCKYEAR

(frowns a smile)

Really?

DEREK SMEATH

(can't resist a smile:)

That's good. Tell you, the more you
look at me the funnier that gets.
Ok, well my 'ex-girlfriend' told me
she was unable to meet me today as
I might risk contamination with an
infection she picked up in Finland.
Did you know she was part Finnish?

LUKE looks to REBECCA.

INT. REBECCA'S PARENTS LOUNGE

LOU and AMY look at the screen in disbelief.

LOU

'Finnish'?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, NYC

Sadly for REBECCA this little man is a bit of a performer.

DEREK SMEATH

And by the way I checked out with
Zara, Bloomingdales, Starbucks,
eleven OTHER companies to whom
she's ALSO in debt and did you
realize Miss Bloomwood here was -

(gets a list out)

- currently in the hospital with
depression?

(goes down...)

- currently in the hospital with
gallstones - I hope to god those
two wards are adjacent wards, I
presume she kind of shuttles - also
she's in Finland visiting 'old and
confused' parents, burying her
parents - aw they died - helping
her parents move - hey, they came
back to life - BOY are those guys
'confused'...

(puts list away)

I mean I'M confused. Which is true?
Is ANY of them? Would the real
Rebecca Bloomwood please stand up?

Cameras turn MERCILESSLY to LOOK PIERCINGLY at the SILENT,
LOST, CRUMBLING REBECCA: in the studio.

INT. BRIDAL SHOP

Silence in the bridal shop.

INT. REBECCA'S PARENTS LOUNGE

Silence at her parents' house.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TELEVISION STUDIOS, NYC - DAY

BANG! Cell ringing, LUKE barges out of the TV studio, looking
as though he might be PHYSICALLY SICK, and spills STRAIGHT
ACROSS THE STREET, causing TRAFFIC to HONK ANGRILY.

REBECCA totters out in her dream DAVID DE LAINE DRESS.

REBECCA

LUKE! LUKE! Watch out - !

He narrowly avoids annihilation, stumbles onto the sidewalk,
throws his phone in a bin.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA spots him and races after him, as fast as she CAN in that dress.

REBECCA

Luke I can't run - where are you going?

LUKE

Oh I dunno. Maybe hang out with my new friends.

(waves across the park)

Y'know? 'Starbucks'. 'Armani'. All the other guys who got tricked into thinking they had a relationship with you.

REBECCA

Luke it's not like that.

LUKE

You go hang out with your new friends from the sixth floor.

REBECCA

(struggles after him)

I know it doesn't look good for the magazine -

LUKE

You know why I don't tell anyone about my family, Rebecca? So they treat me like Luke, not 'the guy from that store'. What I wasn't expecting, OK, was to meet a girl who treats me LIKE a store!

REBECCA

What?

LUKE

(arms out:)

'Hello Madam! Welcome to 'Luke Brandon'. Do step in. What d'you wanna take from me today? What can I give? What are you ACTUALLY looking for in me?"

REBECCA

Luke I wasn't looking for anything. I just - I really -

(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)
(on feeble ground:)

I did improve circulation.

This is pathetic, she knows it soon as she utters it.

LUKE

How come a shopaholic can have so
little idea what things cost?

He walks off into the park.

REBECCA

I'm not a 'shop - ' Hey!

She races after LUKE.

REBECCA

I'm not an ANYTHING-holic, buddy.
You only start ending in '-holic'
when you start dancing one-man
congas on a street corner.

LUKE

No, Rebecca. You start ending
in '-holic' the moment you stop
being honest with yourself.

He walks off. This STINGS REBECCA almost to tears.

REBECCA

(as he walks off)

What, like YOU? Like YOU are?

(calls)

Where you headed now, Luke? Oh
yeah, Friday's a bad day.

('hits head', mock
remembering:)

'Course. Like Thursday. Like print
day. Like - hold on! EVERYDAY!
Every day you do seventeen hours so
Ed West can come and beat you up
and you can roll on your back with
your little tail flat. My, THAT's
dignity! My, THAT was worth leaving
a family business for! Thank GOD
you know now that every dollar
you've earned you have laid down on
your back and grovelled for.

She is left on the path with joggers passing her, alone.

REBECCA

Don't talk to me about COST because
you have no idea of WORTH, buddy.

(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)
You have NO IDEA! You do not even
have the FIRST IDEA!

MUSIC. REBECCA stands on a hill in a park in her DREAM DRESS
like the mannequin at the end of the world.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EVENING

MUSIC: REBECCA sits on a bench, STARING OUT. Some JOGGERS
pass.

JOGGER
Nice dress.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

MUSIC: REBECCA, walks like a zombie down the THEATRE-GOING
crowds and SHOPPERS, two of whom turn, noticing:

SHOPPERS
Heyy-y. Nice dress.

EXT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT BLOCK

MUSIC: REBECCA trudges up the steps...

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT BLOCK

MUSIC: ...puts her key in the lock. It DOESN'T TURN. But a
CHEERY MAN opens the door.

CHEERY MAN
Oh is it 'Rebecca'? Oh hi. Mister
Martinez said to say 'your gear's
in storage and can you collect it
please?'

His CHEERY WIFE sticks her head round the door.

CHEERY WIFE
Oh would you look at that dress-s!

EXT. SUZE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

MUSIC: SUZE opens the door. REBECCA looks a foot smaller than
normal. For a few beats nothing can be said.

REBECCA
(breathes in:)
Suze -

SUDDENLY there's a noise behind them.

MAD CONGA WOMAN
(slowly, deliberately)
Aye aye aye aye con-n...ga. Aye aye
aye aye con-n...ga.

Across the street a FIFTY EIGHT YEAR OLD WOMAN is methodically doing a slow, one-man conga, wearing:

SUZE
Is she wearing my bridesmaid's dress?

She is. REBECCA's eyes grow even HEAVIER.

REBECCA
(swallows before
embarking:)
That I can absolutely explain. You see -

REBECCA turns back. But SUZE's DOOR HAS QUIETLY BEEN SHUT. For the first time in their relationship, Suze's door is shut to her. The weight of this final nail brings REBECCA TO HER KNEES. She sits on SUZE's steps and CRIES AND CRIES AND CRIES.

And she would probably have gone on crying all night, if not for a HONK-K HONK....

REVEAL: She looks up through TEAR-CHOKED EYES to see an old RV pulled up. The driver unwinds his window.

LOU
Hey Bee-bee.

REBECCA thought she couldn't cry any harder, but having to say:

REBECCA
Hey Dad.

- she finds she can.

EXT. NATIONAL PARK RV SITE - NIGHT

MUSIC: A STAR-HEAVY SKY. Pine trees are black against the deep blue. As the moon fractures across the lake between us and the mountains we know we're a million miles from Madison Avenue.

Down we drift to find REBECCA sitting on the END OF A BOAT JETTY, in her dream dress, head leaning on a mooring post.

Nothing's as black as lake water at night. It's like you could cup it and it would still be black in your hand.

A figure walks down to join her. LOU sits with a bowl of MARSHMALLOWS by her. Looks out a while, offers the bowl.

LOU
Ready-toasted. We got tired of waiting.

REBECCA's mind is too occupied with desolation and blackness to eat something pink and sweet. LOU gets this vibe, and pops one into his mouth instead.

LOU
Pretty amazing, ain't it? S' why your mother an' I love comin' out here.
(beat)
Reminds us of our childhood in Finland.

REBECCA can't not smile at this, which gives some indication of how warm and bridge-building she finds it.

LOU
The RV's worth about thirteen.

REBECCA
(sv)
Don't.

LOU
We don't need it and -

REBECCA
Just stop now, OK. You're gonna make me cry again.
(she's already welling up)
There is no WAY you are EVER selling this RV. I will KILL you if you sell it. It completely defines you.

The lake laps against the posts of the jetty.

LOU
Nothing defines me except you and your mother.

IN ON REBECCA's face. One killingly simple truth. She puts her head on his shoulder.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

EDGAR WEST leans into view - but his SMILE is still there!

EDGAR WEST

Do you have any IDEA the error of judgement you made here?

LUKE

I am not swerving it. I take full responsibility for hiring Rebecca Bloomwood, for not checking her background and - and...Whatever, she's no longer at 'Successful Savings'. She's gone.

EDGAR WEST

(leans in)

The fact that she's GONE is the 'error of judgement'.

LUKE's face says 'what'?

EDGAR WEST

She had debt! Who CARES that she had debt? So she can't ADVISE? What, you gotta be a football star to be a coach?

LUKE is thinking about this one, as:

EDGAR WEST

She's fallible! That's why she knows what she's talking about! She's been through what

(points out the window)

- ninety percent of THEM are goin' through right now, and they coulda LOVED that. You coulda turned the situation around -

(he CLICKS his finger)

'Cause hey, someone will! The 'Herald'. 'Financial Journal'. Someone else out there's gonna hire her!

(he turns away, then back immediately:)

Ok look, you had one column holding you up. That column's 'gone'. I want exactly what's gonna replace it on the table at the Seventh Floor AGM, or so help me god this family's gonna see a new arrival.

He goes, leaving LUKE just STARING AFTER HIM.

LUKE
(meekly)
Sorry, Mister West.

EXT. NATIONAL PARK RV SITE

The SUN RISES over the sleeping lake, full of optimism.

INT. RV - DAWN

AMY's head RISES over the sleeping REBECCA, full of optimism.

AMY
Have I got something special for
you today!

REBECCA blinks blearily in her CRAMPED BUNK BED.

INT. HUGE SHOPPING MALL - DAY

A PALACE of SHOPPING! REBECCA stands in the middle of it -
where once she would've been intoxicated, she's now BEMUSED.

REBECCA
I thought the idea was to get out
into the wilds.

AMY
(over-breezily)
And isn't that just the joy of
having an RV? You're out in the
wilds one day...next day you think
your daughter needs cheering up -
(arms out)
...you come to a mall!

She drags REBECCA off. It's probably the first time in
history REBECCA has ever had to BE DRAGGED to go shopping.

INT. AVENUES OF SHOPPING MALL - DAY

AMY is trying to be HUGEY 'HAPPY' as if to trying to inject
her daughter with happiness. We don't see any items she's
pointing at - it doesn't matter.

AMY
Look at those! That's - in the
blue?

(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)
 Or the kind of inlaid - hoojit.
 With YOUR coloring? That or - OH
 Beebee! That necklace?

REBECCA
 (closing her eyes)
 Mom -

AMY
 In the green? With it?

REBECCA
 (stops her midstream)
 Mom. We don't do this. You and me
 NEVER go shopping like this.

AMY is, not surprisingly, very FRAGILE WITH CONCERN.

AMY
 No, well.
 (swallows)
 Maybe I should've done. More.
 Should've bought things more and
 not left you...
 (beat, quieter:)
 ...needing to buy things for
 yourself quite so much.

Oh my god. REBECCA gets her mom's agenda, bless her.

REBECCA
 Mom-m -

AMY
 (very VERY firmly)
 It is not wrong for a mother once
 in a while to spoil her daughter.
 (back up to 'super-happy')
 Oo! Body lotions!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE, MALL - MOMENTS LATER

AMY is looking at BODY OILS and BATH SALTS which do LOOK
 DIVINE!

AMY
 Jojoba! In this little set! Buy
 over sixty dollars and you get this
 free manicure compact!

...'free manicure compact...free manicure compact...' The
 voice goes SWOONY, INTOXICATING! REBECCA is drawn by the
 lights, the reds and ochres, the prismatic light of the
 display cabinets, the sheer NEWNESS of everything...

A mannequin, almost behind her ear, whispers from a neighboring stand:

MANNEQUIN

It WOULD cheer you up, face it.

REBECCA's eyes give a slight melt of agreement. It would, it would.

MANNEQUIN

Smell of patchouli and ylang-ylang?
Pamper your skin a little, because
God do you DESERVE it! *Talk to me!*
Was it your fault all this blew up?
Really? You increased his
circulation! I mean jeez, you blew
life into his bone-dry magazine and
now your act of charity means
you've probably lost your chance of
ever working at *Elan*! He owes YOU!
Those body oils are owed to you by
Luke Brandon and GOD. They are
practically rewards from the God Of
Shopping for your tolerance and
goodness and honesty and sheer
absolute -

In a SUDDEN move REBECCA elbows the head of the mannequin
FLYING ACROSS THE SHOP. It's like a martial arts move. AMY
and the ASSISTANT turn in SHOCK.

AMY

What the - ? *Becca-a?* What did you
do that for? They'll throw us out!

MUSIC: IN ON REBECCA's steely face. There is a change in the
wind. Which way is it gonna blow?

EXT. NATIONAL PARK RV SITE - THE LAKE

MUSIC: REBECCA stands on the edge of the jetty. We circle
her, sun flaring, glinting. She starts to take off the
precious De Laine dress. We go in on her eyes. Which she
closes. The dress drops. She LETS HERSELF FALL like a SUICIDE
into the water.

MUSIC: TIME JUMP: AT THE RV, AMY, in a panic, races to get
LOU. He DROPS the FISHING TACKLE and RACES with her down to
the end of the jetty where SHE'S FOUND REBECCA's BLUE DAVID
DE LAINE dress crumpled and shed. They edge towards the
water, fearing the worst...when SUDDENLY THEY TURN:

REVEAL: On the land end of the jetty is REBECCA in a STAGGERINGLY WHITE TOWELLING BATHROBE, towelling her hair.

REBECCA
I think it's time to go home.

LOU
But - what about the clothes?

REBECCA
I think it's time THEY went home too.

HUGE SURGE OF MUSIC - DRIVING and DRIVEN!

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES FOYER - DAY

MUSIC: ECU the DAVID DE LAINE DRESS, pressed, in a plastic wrap is carried across the foyer by REBECCA. She lays it across ALLON's desk, who doesn't look up, of course.

ALLON
Dorothy returns to Oz.

REBECCA
Allon could you deliver this to the office of *Elan*?
(gets out a letter)
And this to *Successful Savings*.

She lays a letter on the top.

EXT. MARTINEZ STORAGE, NYC - DAY

With a metallic kerrrr-lank the roller-shutter rattles up to REVEAL: REBECCA's possessions, like a post-modern Tutenkhamun's tomb. Swing round to REVEAL: REBECCA and MISTER MARTINEZ, chewing slowly.

REBECCA
(sv)
I fit all this in ONE apartment?

EXT. SWAP MEET - DAY

MUSIC: A SWAP MEET ORGANISER in a high-vis jacket comes OUT OF THE RV with a clipboard.

SWAP MEET ORGANISER

We don't normally allow vehicles
this size at a swap meet, but the
AMOUNT of stuff you got...I mean,
how you gonna cope?

REBECCA

(nods efficiently)

I have several shop assistants.

EXT. SWAP MEET - LATER

MUSIC: D. FREAK, JOYCE and RYUICHI from the SPENDERS
ANONYMOUS GROUP arrange Rebecca's possessions on SEVERAL
TABLES outside the parked up RV, aided by LOU and AMY.

Across the front, like a General surveying troops, strides
MISS KORCH, followed by her lieutenant, REBECCA.

MISS KORCH

Good. Very good.

REBECCA

I kinda thought it might help the
guys experience that 'liberation
from materialism'.

MISS KORCH smiles as a coach might smile at a protegee.

MISS KORCH

'Therapy'.

REBECCA

(a beat, then nods)

'Therapy'.

There's a BELL. The GATES OPEN! SWAP-MEET-BUYERS stream in!

At REBECCA's HUGE RV STAND, (there must be five tables) there
is FRENZIED INTEREST! It makes that BASEMENT SAMPLE SALE look
like an English Tea Party. It's like fifteen conversations a
second on a Wall Street trading floor, only with CLOTHES and
ACCESSORIES FLYING OVERHEAD!

WHIPPING ROUND, some DEALS we hear are:

SWAP MEET GUY 1

Eight dollars. Last offer is eight
dollars!

D. FREAK

(dead-eyed-cool)

Keep dreaming.

JOYCE

(modelling)

Versace! See, it goes with the shoes!

(picks up one by one:)

And the necklace. And the earrings.
And the -

RYUICHI

No, is stuck. Rebecca?

(holds up the GUCCI
briefcase)

This briefcase open?

REBECCA

(dealing with a customer)

No, it's ornamental! Ornamental!

LOU

(wrestling a chic ornament
from a CUSTOMER)

WHOA there buddy, there's no price on it!

(dodges to REBECCA, sv)

What's this baby worth?

A slight beat from REBECCA as this resonates. A memory of LUKE passes over her.

REBECCA

Dunno, Dad. I can only tell you what it cost.

AMY

(looming out of RV with
boxes:)

More stock coming out!

SWAP MEET GUY 2

(to his wife)

'D. Freak?' 'Course it's not D. Freak! What the hell's D. Freak gonna be doin' at a Swap Meet?

SWAP MEET ORGANISER

(looking at a fondue)

You sure you only want forty? I mean - sheesh! You got a lot of good stuff here.

REBECCA

(sv, shakes her head)

Actually don't tell anyone, but it's all a load of crap.

On saying this, as SWAP MEET ORGANISER is looking at her with a look of 'y'r kidding - this is the best stuff we've ever HAD here'....SOMETHING CATCHES REBECCA'S EYE.

REBECCA

Mom?

(slightly distracted)

Take over a second?

REBECCA fights her way through the crowd trying to buy her old life to...

ACROSS THE SWAP MEET: At a stall across the way, the STALL OWNER is fuming.

COMPETING SWAP MEET VENDOR

Crazy. It's a freakin' joke. I'm sitting here thinkin' I'm gonna sell enough today to buy a new bookcase and freakin'-

(waves and arm at the RV)

Madison Avenue turns up.

(frowns, peers)

That a bookcase they're sellin' over there? Hold on.

He disappears over to REBECCA's stall too. This leaves REBECCA and ONE OTHER CUSTOMER IN HER LATE FIFTIES. Unkempt. Perusing slowly, methodically. It's THE MAD CONGA WOMAN, wearing a shabby coat over SUZE'S BRIDESMAIDS DRESS!

REBECCA feigns interest in a small plate to be able to stand next to her.

REBECCA

(shows it her, casually)

Worth two dollars?

The MAD CONGA WOMAN looks at it, then looks away, SAYS NOTHING, carries on rooting. REBECCA picks a cake-plate up.

The MAD CONGA WOMAN gently takes it from REBECCA and puts it back.

MAD CONGA WOMAN

(sv, slowly, deliberately)

Not clean.

REBECCA looks as The CONGA WOMAN cleans a part of the cup she's holding slowly, methodically...

MAD CONGA WOMAN

I clean slow.

The MAD CONGA WOMAN inspects items slowly, REBECCA now realizes, checking them for cleanliness with her dirty hands.

REBECCA

Cups?

The MAD CONGA WOMAN never looks at REBECCA, gives a SLIGHT SMILE.

MAD CONGA WOMAN

Big places.

REBECCA

For a JOB you mean?

The MAD CONGA WOMAN turns over a plate.

REBECCA

Why d'you stop?

(no response)

What did you used to be?

The MAD CONGA woman puts it back, carefully.

MAD CONGA WOMAN

Clean.

REBECCA looks at her.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, CHEAPER NEIGHBORHOOD - NYC

A scuzzy street seen from high above. It's the view from REBECCA's new apartment. She's looking out, deep in thought, when the door is knocked.

REBECCA crosses the spartan, barely-furnished flat to open it and reveal: CORAL NAYLOR, NOT in her natural surroundings.

REBECCA

(frowns)

Coral?

CORAL

Your father is rather a sweetheart,
isn't he? May I?

She walks in anyway and inspects the flat with some surprise.

REBECCA

'My father'?

CORAL

Well if YOU'RE not going to keep us
in touch with your whereabouts -
Little spartan, isn't it?

REBECCA

(looks round)

It's - kind of a change of
direction in my life.

CORAL

Oh I know. I saw and bravo *mon*
brave. What a master stroke! Not
only to extricate yourself from the
Unsuccessful Mister Brandon but to
make yourself hugely desirable to
the very Successful Mister West!

(claps)

Seriously. Your life will not stay
like your room for long, *liebbling*.

(hands over:)

One contract. A column a month for
three years.

(weights the pause:)

Welcome to *Elan*!

REBECCA takes the golden ticket and looks at it. Wow.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICES, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS - NIGHT

A letter of duller hue is handed to LUKE by ALLON. LUKE's
office is even more disorganized, desperate than it was
before. And nowadays LUKE looks even MORE like his office.

LUKE

Unless it's a job application from
a brilliant new columnist I don't
want it.

ALLON

(looks at it, shrugs)

I will add it to the graveyard of
unwanted letters.

He goes but has a calculated parting shot:

ALLON

Just saw your outgoing columnist.
David De Laine on Madison.

LUKE
 (tries to grunt
 disinterest)
 Hrrrrmm.

ALLON
 Rumours about she's been offered a
 column at *Elan*.

ALLON leaves. LUKE continues working, 'not interested'.

INT. DAVID DE LAINE STORE, MADISON AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA is clearly being PAID TO SHOP! She pulls off the
 racks DRESS after DRESS after SUIT after -

LUKE (O.C.)
 Well well.

REBECCA jumps. LUKE is there. In an instant she's EXCITED
 he's there, but ASHAMED at the same time. She takes a beat to
 compose herself, then:

REBECCA
 You read the letter?

LUKE
 (shakes head, shrugs)
 Not sure how much an apology is
 gonna be worth from you, Rebecca.
 Apologies are cheap.

REBECCA
 I sold all my possessions at a Swap
 Meet. I paid fifty percent off all
 my credit cards, then cut them up.
 Apart from one which is now frozen
 in an ice cube to prevent impulsive
 use.

LUKE
 Also you're running for president
 and part Alaskan. You're in a *shop*,
 Rebecca! You're *shopping*!

REBECCA
 I'm trying not to lie, Luke. That's
 why -
 (looks down)
 The letter is what I actually MEANT
 to send you the day I screwed up
 and sent you a sample article I
 wrote for *Elan*.

LUKE's eyes go wide, as do his arms.

LUKE
You didn't want me!

REBECCA
Luke -

LUKE
You didn't even WANT - well doesn't
that just figure!
(arms out to 'where she
is':)
And didn't it just work out? Here
you are - So what's the column? Is
she like paying you to try those
on?

The CHANGING ROOM CURTAINS swish back to reveal the MAD CONGA
LADY in a smart suit, looking worried.

REBECCA
(nods to her)
Some more in your size. One second.
(turns back to LUKE)
I told *Elan* I couldn't work for a
company who don't value their
employees.

She can't hold his look. Suddenly she's a teenager again.

REBECCA
I didn't say your name specifically
but I WANTED to. GOD I wanted to.
Because even before I came along,
they didn't deserve you.
(beat, swallows:)
And I tell you what YOU don't
deserve, Luke Brandon. You
absolutely don't deserve to die
with your photo frames empty
because of them.

Wow. LUKE watches her go.

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES FOYER

MUSIC: The revolving doors deliver a DEEPLY THOUGHTFUL LUKE
in the foyer. He walks across the cold marble to ALLON.

LUKE
Allon. You er... you know that -

ALLON
 (not looking up)
 Letter you said you didn't want to
 read from Rebecca, did I keep it?
 OBviously.

He hands it over, not looking at LUKE.

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICE, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

MUSIC: Flick flick flick - the neon lights come on. LUKE sits
 in his chair. He opens the envelope. Unfolds the letter.
 Twenty dollars falls out. He looks at it.

INT. ELEVATOR, DANTAY WEST BUILDING - DAY

MUSIC: NEW MORNING, new TENSE morning. ECU: an elevator LCD
 reads "FLOOR FIVE...FLOOR SIX...."

WHIP round to LUKE. He looks and puts a SWIPE CARD against a
 BLACK SENSOR PAD. PAN UP: up on the LCD rises the before-un-
 heard-of "FLOOR SEVEN".

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DANTAY WEST - DAY

EDGAR WEST rises against a SKYLINE of NEW YORK.

EDGAR WEST
 Ladies and gentlemen.

REVERSE: a LONG, LONG TABLE surrounded by MEN and WOMEN, all
 editors and high level executives, including CORAL NAYLOR,
 practically sitting at EDGAR's right hand.

EDGAR WEST
 We'll start this the way we always
 start, a report of the year from
 each magazine in the family.
 Starting WHERE we always start.
 Floor one.
 (arm out, smiles)
Successful Savings.

It's practically a cab ride to get down to the end of the
 table where LUKE is. He rises. He looks nervous.

EDGAR WEST
 No notes, Mister Brandon?

LUKE looks at the bare table in front of him.

LUKE

Actually I can just TELL you it
all, pretty much.

ANGLE: CORAL has to hide a little SMIRK at this.

LUKE

This year has -

EDGAR WEST

(rudely rides over:)

Actually you know what? Screw 'this
year'. We all know what you did
this year. Tell me about NEXT year.
Gimme that. Before I lose interest
in savings and get very interested
in kit cars. Or needlecraft. Or
model aeroplane-making.

There is a pause. LUKE turns to the MASSED EDITORS all SO
glad it isn't them.

LUKE

Mister West refers to my error of
judgement regarding a certain Miss
Rebecca Bloomwood.

No one wants to meet his eyeline.

LUKE

The error I realize now, was not to
hire her.

EDGAR WEST

(sv)

DAMN right. It was to let her GO.

There is a pause. This seems to ring MANY bells for LUKE.

LUKE

(sv, to himself:)

Yes.

EDGAR WEST

So did you GET A PLAN DONE, Mister
BRAN-DON?

There is a MURMUR of AMUSEMENT round the table at this.

LUKE

I did sir.

(looks down)

I did that.

He gets out a PIECE OF PAPER we RECOGNIZE and reads it like a plan.

LUKE

Here it comes.

('reads')

'Stick your job up your ass. Here's twenty dollars. Buy yourself some decent clothes'.

LUKE puts a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL DOWN ON THE TABLE and walks to the door.

MUSIC! The table is still LOOKING SPEECHLESSLY AT THE TWENTY DOLLAR BILL...when LUKE TURNS at the door:

LUKE

Successful Savings was on floor one. That was my floor. But I'm afraid it's not my level.

For the first time, EDGAR WEST's smile drops.

EXT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC of TRIUMPH and OPTIMISM! The DAY LUKE steps out into is BLINDINGLY BRIGHT. He winces.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC: He wanders down to the corner of Madison with the numbed daze of a man just given the all-clear from disease. The day could not get any brighter.

Except yes it can. Because round the next block, onto the avenue comes a vision!

LUKE frowns. Is it...? Yes it's REBECCA. But what the HELL has she GOT ON?

REBECCA is wearing SUZE'S BRIDESMAID DRESS. It looks totally HIDEOUS as it always did, but somehow REBECCA looks reborn in it. She looks CONFIDENT. And there is nothing in this world more attractive than CONFIDENCE.

She looks into the store window of ZARA to check her reflection. As if responding to what she's wearing, a SEATED mannequin in, by comparison, a bee-yootiful dress slowly RISES!

The BEAUTIFUL mannequin and the HIDEOUSLY-DRESSED REBECCA look each other EYE TO EYE, as OPPOSITES. But REBECCA smiles! And on that, the mannequin starts, very slowly, to CLAP.

The mannequin next to it rises and starts to CLAP! REBECCA gives the TINIEST BOB of 'thank you', turns on her heels and starts to walk down Madison.

As she does, the mannequins which once tried to lure her, now all applaud the fact she's NOT coming in. One by one they RISE on both sides of the avenue: they RISE in Zara, Miu Miu, Coach, Prada, Gap, Versace, Denny And George, Whistles, Calvin Klein, DKNY, Armani, Jigsaw, Ally Smith, Marni, Marc Jacobs, Missoni, Jimmy Choo, Christian Louboutin...until the whole of Madison is one long applauding theatre, of which Rebecca Bloomwood is the star. A sensation only Rebecca can feel. And only we can see.

She arrives at LUKE by the GYRO STAND. He is speechless. They look at each other for a few beats.

REBECCA

You want to stop cramming gyros in your lunch break. You'll get an ulcer.

LUKE

I don't have a lunch break. I don't have a job. And I can't afford a gyro because I gave Ed West my last twenty dollars.

(beat)

The one that came in your letter. Which I just read to him.

REBECCA nods, a tiny smile of approval. She leans forwards as if she's going to TOUCH LUKE'S FACE...but produces some MONEY OUT OF HIS EAR. She puts it in his hand.

REBECCA

I'm late.

She starts to walk off down MADISON. LUKE looks at the money, then TURNS:

LUKE

All the dresses on Madison and you bought THAT one?

REBECCA stops and walks backwards a few steps.

LUKE

Just curious. Observing. Time on my hands now.

REBECCA stops, and looks at her watch.

REBECCA

You still got a company car?

LUKE

(looks at HIS watch)

I should imagine for about twenty minutes.

(looks up)

Why?

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

MUSIC: REBECCA and LUKE drive through the streets in LUKE's bottom of the pile Volvo convertible.

REBECCA

(shouting)

Forty first. Can you not drive any faster?

LUKE

Yes. If I was Batman.

They turn down ANOTHER STREET...

REBECCA

Forty fifth! That was forty-

(stands up)

...YOU OVERSHOT!

LUKE

Sit DOWN for GOD'S -

They turn down ANOTHER STREET with REBECCA standing up, pointing, reading street signs, trying to get directions...all the time her DRESS WHIPPING BEHIND HER! And LUKE trying to get her to sit down!

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH, NYC - CONTINUOUS

They screech to a halt RIGHT OUTSIDE A CHURCH. REBECCA leaps out and up the church steps

LUKE

Hold on! Hoi!

REBECCA

(does a three sixty,
beckoning:)

Come in.

LUKE

Yeah right, and leave the car here?

REBECCA

(turns)

It's probably not your car anymore.

LUKE

(thinks a beat)

True.

He throws the keys over his shoulder into the car.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH, NYC

In the VESTIBULE: SUZE, is JUST ABOUT TO HEAD INTO THE KNAVE and UP THE AISLE, her train trailing on the floor...

REBECCA

(whispers)

You really should've taken me shopping for this dress

SUZE turns. Her eyes meet REBECCA's. REBECCA moves to PICK her TRAIN UP.

SUZE

(nods at REBECCA's dress)

Don't tell me. Mad Conga Lady died and left it to you with her dying breath.

LUKE steps in, just in time to HEAR:

REBECCA

Mad Conga Lady is right now at an interview for an office cleaning job wearing a suit she bought with the money I gave her for this.

SUZE

You have no money, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Money I got from selling everything I didn't need in my apartment at a Swap Meet.

SUZE

(catches the importance)

So how - ?

(swallows)

How much has that dress cost you?

REBECCA looks at her oldest friend.

REBECCA

Not a fraction of what it's worth.

The ORGAN STARTS! But all SUZE wants to do is HUG REBECCA.
Which makes REBECCA cry. Which makes SUZE cry.

REBECCA (V.O.)

The bouquet was thrown by Suze...

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH, NYC

A BOUQUET flies through the air...

REBECCA (V.O.)

...standing there with her new
husband Danny...

(REVEAL them!)

...and the goat that was to become
such an important part of their
lives.

REVEAL: between them a GOAT in a RIBBON COLLAR.

ECU: the bouquet, spiralling through the air, is caught by
REBECCA!

REBECCA (V.O.)

It was caught by a girl, twenty
five. Dress, appalling. Shoes,
hideous. Who once hoped to be the
girl they called 'The Girl In The
Green Scarf'.

She looks at LUKE, across the crowd.

AS those last words are spoken they APPEAR ACROSS THE SCENE
in computer type: '...The Girl in the Green Scarf'.

INT. TINY APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

REVERSE to see REBECCA, dressed very simply, in an armchair,
typing into a laptop.

REBECCA (V.O.)

And that, for the thousands of you
who responded to my column in the
Herald, is why I've started this
website, as a forum for sufferers
of shopaholism everywhere.'

There's a MALE VOICE from the hallway that we recognise.

LUKE (O.S.)

Hey Rebecca!

REBECCA's face lights up.

REBECCA (V.O.)

(types quickly)

Until the next 'Confessions Of A Shopaholic', this is the girl they call Rebecca Bloomwood...saying 'goodbye'.

She shuts the laptop and SQUEEZES up out of the SLIGHTLY UNDERSIZED ARMCHAIR which makes their tiny apartment look bigger.

REBECCA

(calls)

Mister Brandon! How did the interview go?

LUKE (O.S.)

Good! Real good. Not tempting fate, but I think -

(slight pause)

Rebecca? What are all these department store bags in the hall?

The sun in Rebecca's face FREEZES.

REBECCA

(swallows)

Ok. Now those I can ABSOLUTELY explain.

BLACKOUT

CONFESSIONS OF A SHOPAHOLIC

Tim Firth draft one revisions
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